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INDIAN NEWS.

THE unlooked-for abundance of news from Lucknow has consoled all except those to whom it has brought express information of losses sustained. Among the last we have to count ourselves. It forms no part of our scheme to obtrude any name upon the public notice simply on account of its connexion with this *Review*; but it is necessary for us, if only for the sake of explaining the discontinuance of the letters from the seat of war in Oude which we have published from time to time, to announce that their writer was killed at Lucknow, in the midst of the bloody passage from the Alumbagh to the Residency. Much might be said on the individual merits of a gallant, generous, and skilful officer, but we shall probably consult what would have been his own wishes, if we merely speak of him as illustrating the class to which he belonged. It is surely a striking proof of the variety of talent included in the Indian services, that this gentleman, taken almost at random from the Indian army, should have displayed the very gifts which certain walks of English civil life are sometimes supposed to have the exclusive power of developing. When the Crimean war began, the leading members of the metropolitan press felt themselves compelled to purchase clearness and picturesqueness of description at the price of the many disadvantages implied in taking their correspondents from the very hot-house of the heated intellectual air of London. Yet we do not think that our pride or our partiality misleads us when we say that the best of the Crimean correspondence was not better than the letters penned by an officer of Madras artillery, who simply thought to write for the guidance of friends whom he falsely imagined better qualified than himself to invest his descriptions with the graces of style. There has seldom been a more conclusive proof that Literature does not confine her rarest favours to her conventional devotees. There has seldom been a broader hint that the closet-study of great models—it may be, of the glowing pages of NAPIER, or the severer narrative of the French military histories—is a better school of literary excellence than the most various and assiduous practice in the delineation of coronations and executions, or in the manufacture of fictions and jokes.

Some singular reflections are suggested by the intelligence from those parts of India on which public attention is not so firmly riveted as it is on Oude and the North-West. M. THIERS is one among many French writers who give heroes and worthies express credit for their luck; and in the recent volumes of the *Consulate and the Empire*, the good fortune of WELLINGTON and the evil fortune of MARMONT are spoken of almost as substantive qualities in those Generals. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for exulting in the marvellous good luck of England. Look at the great Sovereign of the Deccan, the NIZAM. Had he even vacillated in the fulfilment of his obligations to us, the Bombay and Madras armies must have gone, and we should have had all India to re-conquer. He was not, moreover, particularly well affected to us; and up the whole central line of the Peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the mountain frontier of Bundelcund, there was not, for months, a single European soldier to keep him in check. But he happened to have a Prime Minister who, partly from study and partly from habitual intercourse with diplomats of first-rate intellectual

calibre, had conceived an adequate notion of England and English resources. The chance—if chance it be—which placed this Minister in office, and gave him a taste for European society, has saved us the Deccan, and preserved us the allegiance of two great native armies. But we have still further excuses for confidence in our star. Let us turn from the tranquillity of Hyderabad to the energetic assistance given us by the Ghorkhas about Gorrhuk-pore and Azimgur. Sir CHARLES NAPIER was unquestionably right in regarding the Nepaulese power as a danger of the first magnitude. The peril did not simply arise from the soldierly qualities of the Ghorkhas race, though in truth they were the Samnites of our growing Empire, and only succumbed to us after at least one success which might be compared with the Caudine Forks. Much more dangerous advantages than their prowess and their discipline were their organization and their orthodoxy. If the Bengal mutiny had occurred twenty years ago, and RUNJEET SINGH had joined the mutineers, he might possibly have expelled us from India; but he could not have founded an empire, because his Sikhs would have been heretics as hateful as the Europeans. But JUNG BAHADOOR is a Hindoo of the purest orthodoxy, as all who saw him in England will recollect. He stands, too, at the head of a perfectly organized civil system. Had we been driven out of the country, he might probably have taken our place the next day, and his government would have been as regular and efficient as his authority would have been popular. What has saved us from this great peril? Not JUNG BAHADOOR's pacific disposition, for his whole heart is set on military glory; and, ever since he returned to Nepaul, he has been tasking his resources and expending his energy in a fruitless struggle to surmount the unconquerable natural defences which protect the Lama-worshippers of Tibet. The fancy which possessed this singular man to see England as it is, and the knowledge which he gained during his visit, have been our preservation. We may add that, had JUNG BAHADOOR been Sovereign of Nepaul instead of Mayor of the Palace, he would never probably have come to England. A Rajah, reared in the Zenana, would never have faced the terrors which were braved by a self-made adventurer.

The Calcutta Malignants make it an especial charge against the Government of India that it hesitated at first to accept JUNG BAHADOOR's proffered aid. This is an example of that extremely common and remarkably demonstrative form of wisdom which uses the knowledge derived from events to prove what much better counsels it could have offered before the events occurred. The problem for the Indian Government was the exact effect likely to be produced on the mind of a Hindoo by a more than ordinarily accurate appreciation of English power. The difficulty of answering such a question may be guessed from observing the extremely various effect of a European education on Hindoo Princes. SCINDIAH and HOLKAR both read and write English; and they have evidently learned enough of us to be aware that, for the sake of retaining our favour, it was worth while renouncing all the great opportunities which offer themselves at a time like this to the representative of a reigning Mahratta House. NAXA SAHIB, however, was infinitely more familiar with Englishmen, English literature, and English power, than either SCINDIAH or HOLKAR, and we know too well to what he was tempted by the chance of re-establishing a Mahratta sovereignty. It is true that JUNG BAHADOOR had seen England with his eyes, while none of the three Mahratta Princes have been out of India. But then, on the other hand, JUNG BAHADOOR was much more of a savage than the more southern Rajahs, and the wisest statesmen might well have doubted whether his respect for European civilization was strong enough to overcome the wild passion for conquest which is known to possess him.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BEFORE we address our readers again, they will have kept their Christmas Day. The deeper and sublimer thoughts belonging to that day are the proper theme of the pulpit, not of the press, and it becomes the journalist only to express a hope that the pulpit may have the wisdom, at this pregnant time especially, to speak as to real and living men of the actual interests and duties of the hour. But to the politician and the journalist also—if they profess allegiance to the name of CHRIST, and regard their work as not alien to their profession—special reflections and lessons are suggested by the return of the day on which peace and goodwill were first proclaimed as the law of the world, and a new spirit came over the civil and social, as well as over the religious life of man. It is good for those who are always engaged in party controversies and conflicts to banish party feeling for a moment from the mind—to think of the common end which all good men pursue, though by different roads—to look forward to the common haven in which all who have loved and served their kind will one day meet as friends for ever, and wonder that in the mist of earthly strife they once took each other for enemies. Now, too, when the Author of Christianity came into the world, a homeless peasant, to minister to others, is the season to remember that Christian politics is a code of duties, rather than of rights. Now is the season to think how worthless are all political advantages, how trivial are all political disputes, compared with that which concerns the spiritual life, while we celebrate the advent of Master who, though he brought with him the truth that makes us free, was content to pay tribute to a foreign despot and to die the death of a slave. Now is the season for those whose work must always be more or less embittered by faction and contention, to lay aside faction and contention for a moment, and enter in spirit into the great communion of mankind.

This Christmas is, alas! far from a "Merry Christmas" to many families, or to the whole nation. By many a hearth, instead of the voice of joy and feasting, there is the voice of mourning for affliction the most poignant that can enter into the heart of man. In many a house, a thought of unutterable anguish has taken the place of a beloved face. Many a parent needs to be comforted by the reflection that those who fell in duty are not cut off, but taken early home. Many a widow needs to be assured that affection is not ended but ratified by death. The nation, too, is engaged in what must be regarded as a strange and alien work for a Christian people. It is struggling to maintain its dominion as a conquering power over another nation. We believe and trust that the Empire for the maintenance of which we are contending is a beneficent one, such as it is our duty to maintain, and that Providence has given it for high purposes into our hands. But to escape the spirit of heathen self-aggrandizement and heathen pride, we have need of the best resolutions that man can form or reason inspire to make our dominion, when re-established, one not of selfish tyranny and rapacity, but of Christian charity and love. We are engaged, as a Christian nation, in the alien work of conquest; and we are engaged in the still more alien work of retribution. That retribution is, indeed, righteous; and so far as it is righteous, it is our duty to inflict it, for we are to these criminals in the place of the magistrate, and bear not the sword in vain. Punishment is necessary to prevent renewed horrors, and to stamp if possible for ever on the Eastern mind the wrath of Heaven against demoniac crime. It is necessary for the guilty men themselves, for whom, since they have put themselves out of the pale of humanity, it is better, in the eye of mercy itself, to die than live. But far be it from us to wield even the righteous sword in a spirit of mere vindictiveness. Still farther be it from us to involve the innocent in the same storm of blind vengeance with the guilty. We must stifle with indignant horror cries for wholesale butchery—else it was not for us that CHRIST was born into the world.

But there is another source of unhappiness which will throw a gloom over many Christmas hearths, and which is due not to our enemies, but to ourselves. We mean the loss of property arising from gambling speculation. It cannot be doubted that the craving desire to become suddenly rich has deeply infected not only coarse minds, but those which have had every advantage of education and religion, and which might have been expected to be content with com-

petence, with affection, and the life to come. All persons and classes seem smitten with the desire to reap that which they have not sown, and to gain, by the cast of the die, what they have not earned by the work of their hands or the labour of their brain. The old man brings his savings, the widow brings her mite, to the great gaming-table, to play for vanities and luxuries which not only religion but reason ought to teach us to despise. And now their sin has found them out, and the lottery (for it is nothing else) proves to have, like other lotteries, some prizes and many blanks—the prizes mostly for the long purses of the rich, the blanks for the short purses of the poor. This is rather a strange calamity to have befallen a nation which accepts, and prides itself above its neighbours in accepting, as its rule of life, a book declaring wealth to be a peril, poverty a blessing, and the love of money to be the root of all evil. To strain too far the strong sayings of the New Testament about money, would be foolish. The result of such over-straining is an entire divorce between the impracticable theory of the pulpit and the practice even of the preacher's life. Fair commercial enterprise—success in fair commercial enterprise—is not condemned by Scripture. Fair commerce is a noble calling, and can boast as pure and lofty names as any in the world. It is as much ordained by Providence—it is as divine—as any other necessary part of the temporary estate of man. It serves obviously, though indirectly, the higher purposes of the Creator of the moral world, and knits together nations in bonds not only of mutual benefit, but of peace and of goodwill. It works steadily, with silent power, to break down the barriers of nature which divide people from people, and to mould together the great community of mankind. The merchants of England, as Christian men, may be proud of their noble calling. England, as a Christian nation, may be proud of her commercial greatness. But neither the merchants of England as Christian men, nor England as a Christian nation, can be proud of the conduct that has led to the present disasters. All Christians must regard such conduct not only with the deepest regret for the sufferings it has produced, but also with the deepest shame.

Want, too, has fallen, as a consequence of these disasters, on many of the working classes. Many mechanics are deprived, and must see their families deprived, of bread at this happy and festive season—and that not only by their own improvidence in neglecting to lay by part of their high wages against the evil day, but partly also through that rash and criminal covetousness of their better-educated and more responsible employers which has given manufactures an unnatural impulse, followed too surely by an unnatural want of work. Those who bid the sufferers be patient and resigned under their sufferings, and look forward hopefully to better times, do well so to counsel them. They can only put off the revival of commerce, and prolong their own destitution, by attempting to break the law, and by creating another panic in the sensitive system on the security and confidence of which their lot depends. But it should be remembered also that, if it is the duty of the mechanic to endure, it is the duty of the rich man to relieve. The mechanic's master, and the chiefs of commerce generally, owe him that wise guidance which is virtually given by sound trading. They have, through their haste to be rich, failed in their duty in this respect; and they must not regard the misery that ensues among their dependents as if it were a visitation of Providence, or a defect in nature, which they are not concerned to provide against or to relieve. The laws of the natural distribution of wealth, which economists demonstrate and journalists preach, are truths indeed—high and fruitful truths—and the system they form is one of the most admirable proofs of the beneficence and wisdom of the Creator. But the laws of the distribution of wealth are not the laws of duty and affection. They are but the hard framework of society, which must be clothed upon with tissues of a softer kind. They are imperfect in themselves, and must be supplemented by the gentler code of benevolence and mercy, which, in this case of misguided mechanics, carries with it also the rule of justice. Let us have peace and order, and economical science, by all means—but not selfish neglect of misery, wrapping itself in the cloak of science. Government has been applauded for stepping in, against economical science, to stop the spread of suffering among the rich; and Christianity, by all its voices, demands that the same measure should be meted to the poor.

THE REINFORCEMENTS.

IT is now pretty clear that when Sir COLIN CAMPBELL left Cawnpore for Lucknow, on November the 9th, his European force, after he had effected a junction with GREATHED and OUTRAM, would not amount to much more than 4000 men. That this little band will have been sufficient to secure the safety of Lucknow and its garrison, we both hope and believe. Nevertheless, all that we know of the serious nature of the resistance in Oude may well excuse us for fervently desiring that the forces at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief had been larger, in order that his operations might have been more extended and decisive. One thing cannot but strike any man of common observation most forcibly—viz., that, living as we do in an age which boasts of its improvements in all the arts of locomotion, we had not succeeded, at the expiration of more than four months from the date at which the news of the mutiny reached London, in placing at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief any of the English reinforcements, in a condition to accompany him to Lucknow. If this immense lapse of time was really unavoidable, we must regard the danger of Lucknow, as we have viewed the inevitable disaster of Cawnpore, in the light of a misfortune which no ordinary foresight could have predicted. But if it should appear that, from want of reasonable energy and forethought on the part of the home authorities, a most unnecessary delay has taken place, very grave blame must attach to the persons who are responsible for it. The Indian authorities in England had but one task to perform on the receipt of the alarming news at the end of June; and that was, to place at the disposal of Lord CANNING, at the very earliest possible moment, a considerable force. They cannot refuse to be judged by their success or failure in accomplishing this task. No man supposes that any public servant deliberately does that which he believes to be injurious to the country; but, as Sir CHARLES NAPIER pithily enough expresses it, “it is a fit subject for the House to inquire whether the country is ruled by people who understand their business or by those who do not?” In any case, it would have been the duty of the authorities to use the greatest possible expedition in the despatch of troops on the receipt of the news from Meerut; but the urgency was made still more pressing by the fact that at that moment India was, as the Government were well aware, deficient in its ordinary complement of troops by at least 10,000 men. This force was already under orders to embark; and the single thing which remained for the Indian department to do was to furnish the means for their most expeditious transport. Let us see how they have accomplished their task. We do not now propose to discuss the Red Sea route, or the question of the refusal of the Government to accede to the demand of the Board of Directors that war-steamer should be employed on the service—though, on both points, the defence set up for the Ministers seems eminently unsatisfactory. However, as these are necessarily, more or less, conjectural questions, we wish to confine ourselves to a matter which rests upon ascertained and indisputable facts.

Three weeks ago, we called our readers' attention to the results which had then appeared of the preference which the Indian Department, for some unaccountable reason, and in spite of all the warnings they received, gave to sailing over steam vessels for the transport of troops. The experiment, on the face of it, was so unreasonable, that nothing but the most complete success could have shielded its authors from the ridicule and reprobation it provoked. The last mail has given us additional means of testing the correctness of Sir C. Wood's assertion that “it was a mistake to suppose that sailing vessels did not make as quick or quicker passages to India than steam vessels.” From a table given in the *Times* of December 15th, we learn that, of the twelve steam-vessels which left England between July 1st and August 24th, nine had already reached Calcutta before the departure of the mail on November 8th. The particulars are as follows:—

	Left England.	Arrived at Calcutta.
Caledonia	July 26	Oct. 18
Thebes	“ 31	14
Scotland	Aug. 6	Nov. 7
Golden Fleece	“ 8	Oct. 13
Lady Jocelyn	“ 9	Nov. 2
Sydney	“ 14	Oct. 24
Australian	“ 15	Nov. 2
United Kingdom	“ 21	7
City of Manchester	“ 24	8

This gives, as nearly as possible, an average of seventy-eight days for the passage of these nine steam-vessels—the shortest passage having occupied seventy, and the longest ninety-two days. The list accounts for all the steamers despatched within the period specified, with the exception of three—the *Carthage*, *John Bell*, and *Robert Lowe*; but as these were long ago reported at Ceylon, it is not improbable that they may have been diverted for military purposes to some other parts of the peninsula. We may therefore conclude, as a fact ascertained by experiment, that if a given number of steam-vessels had been despatched on a certain day, three-fourths at least of them would have landed their troops in Calcutta within an average period of eighty days.

Now let us see how the case stands with respect to the sailing-vessels. Of all those—thirty-three in number—which left England between July 1 and August 14, six only had arrived at their destination on November 8. They are the following:—

	Left England.	Arrived at Calcutta.
Bucephalus	July 1	Oct. 25
Ulysses	“ 10	29
Adelaide	“ 12	Nov. 5
Candia	“ 15	5
Surrey	“ 16	1
Sutlej	“ 22	5

In this table we observe that the longest passage is 115 days, and the shortest 106—giving for the six an average of 110 days. The average passages, therefore, of all the steamers which have arrived, as compared with that of all the sailing-vessels which have arrived, show a balance of at least 30 days in favour of the former; while the shortest passage of any sailing-vessel which has arrived has proved 14 days longer than that of the slowest steamer. But this table gives a very imperfect view of the real extent of the case against the sailing-vessels. In order really to appreciate the magnitude of the blunder committed, we must take into account the sailing-vessels which, having left England between July 1 and August 14, had not arrived in Calcutta on November 8, and consequently had been out from 90 to 130 days. Of this class there are some five-and-twenty ships. Four of these—the *Cressy*, *Ellenborough*, *Prince Arthur*, and *Agamemnon*—left England between July 1st and July 11th, and had therefore been out between 120 and 130 days, and yet had not arrived. The *Calabar*, *Cambodia*, *Alnwick Castle*, and *William Hammond*, sailed from England between the 11th and 22nd of July, and had already been out between 110 and 120 days. Between the 22nd and 31st of July sailed the merchantmen *Aliquis*, *Monarch*, *Blenheim*, *Octavia*, *Whirlwind*, and *Walmer Castle*, and, having been out between 100 and 110 days, had not arrived. The *Louisiana*, *Defiance*, *Forerunner*, *Warrior Queen*, *James Baines*, *Champion of the Seas*, *Sussex*, *Liverpool*, *Tyburnia*, and *Ghengishan*, having sailed between the 1st and 14th of August, had already been out from 90 to 100 days, but had not reached Calcutta on November 8th. It is evident, therefore, that the average we shall obtain of the whole thirty-two sailing-vessels, when they shall have all arrived, will not be below, but probably above the figure of 110 days, which we have deduced from the six that have already reached their destination. It is also worthy of observation that, while the steamers employed are not among the most remarkable for their speed, two at least of the sailing-vessels—the *James Baines* and the *Champion of the Seas*—are famous as the fastest clippers in the English merchant service. Yet these two vessels had not reached Calcutta in ninety-four days, though they were supposed, at the date of the last accounts, to be beating off the mouth of the Hooghly, baffled by contrary winds.

Having thus carefully analysed the dates, we are in a position to measure the exact loss of time incurred by the employment of sailing instead of steam-vessels. That loss, upon an average of some fifty vessels, may, as we have seen, be as nearly as possible estimated at thirty days. Now, what is to be said in answer to this case? Is it to be pretended that, within a month after the arrival of news from Meerut on June 27th, the Government could not have taken up steam-vessels enough to embark 5000 men for India before the end of July? We should be very glad to refer this inquiry to the Committee at LLOYD's, or to any half-dozen brokers in London, Liverpool, or the Clyde. If Ministers had done this, it is proved to demonstration that, by the second week in October, Sir COLIN CAMPBELL would have had a force at his disposal with which he might have moved up to relieve Lucknow. The *corpus delicti* is, therefore, clearly established; and the

blame to be attached to the parties really responsible for it will be in no degree lessened by the fortunate accident which may save our Empire in spite of our own carelessness and neglect. We fervently trust that Lucknow may be rescued by the Indian Government by its own unaided resources; but that consummation will detract not a whit from the heavy responsibility of those by whose lethargy and folly the arrival of effective aid was delayed. If Delhi had fallen a fortnight later, and if GREATHEDE's column had consequently not been at Cawnpore, what would have been the prospect of the garrison at Lucknow?

Who are the parties really and ultimately responsible for this egregious blunder, we are not yet in a position positively to determine. The impudent attempt, however, to absolve the Government from all share in the blame, has ridiculously broken down. Mr. SMITH, with the instinctive timidity of puerile delinquency, runs away screaming, "Please, sir, it was the other boy!" He tries to throw off all responsibility by representing himself as a sort of official JOHN GILPIN riding the East India Company in spurs. We look with some curiosity for the retaliation which this foolish piece of impertinence is likely to provoke. Colonel SYKES gave a significant hint that, when the saddle came to be laid on the right horse, Mr. SMITH's withers were not likely to be unwrung. On the reassembling of Parliament, this question is to be thoroughly discussed before a Committee. Upon the face of Mr. SMITH's own confessions, we do not anticipate that the House of Commons will be disposed indefinitely to increase the power confided to hands which have shown themselves so incapable of wisely exercising that which they already possess. We are no indiscriminate defenders of the East India Company; but if it ever comes to the alternative whether India shall be governed by Mr. SMITH or the Court of Directors, we believe it will be found that, in the minds of all rational men, the decision is already taken.

JEWISH EMANCIPATION.

IT is not very wonderful that the question of Jewish Emancipation should be, as it clearly is, a matter of great indifference to the nation. The Jews are few in number, and if they were eligible they would probably very seldom be elected. The disability under which they labour is not one of a very afflicting kind. Considering what men have to undergo, in body, mind, and conscience, to get and keep a seat in Parliament, people are not very much to be pitied because that penal elevation is denied them, and they are compelled to confine themselves to social and municipal activity, to the exercise of the suffrage, and to all those indirect ways of influencing the Legislature which, as Omnipotence is supposed to be blind to indirect influences, a "Christian Constitution" does not refuse the Jew. It would therefore be too much to expect from the body of the people such enthusiasm as would be shown in the case of an effort to redress a great practical injustice. Besides which, to tell the plain truth, the Jews, with some noble exceptions, are an isolated, self-loving, and somewhat odious race. In their lower grades, they still show towards other races that Oriental malignity, cloaked at need beneath Oriental sycophancy, which was once the disgust and terror of the ancient world. Their occupations throughout Europe are generally ignoble, and even vile. This is partly their own fault, partly the fault of their persecutors. "Shutting out Love," they have been "shut out from Love." In modern, as in ancient times, they have obstinately broken the great law of human brotherhood, which makes all races as well as all men members one of another. In their stiffneckedness and wilfulness they have banned themselves from humanity; and the dew which has softened Huns and Danes into apostles, has left their hearts as dry and hard as the rocky wilderness of Sinai. Their punishment has been, and is, to grow constantly more Jewish, and less human. The Eastern nature becomes more cowardly, more slavish, and more covetous; the falsehood of JACOB grows falser, the treachery of ACHITOPHEL grows more treacherous, the malignity of SHIMEI grows more malignant, the greed of those who "spoiled the Egyptians" grows greedier; and the soul of the daughter of Sion is given over to the low lust of gold. The religion of the people of ISAIAH has become a mere bond of exclusiveness; their only thinkers are Spinozistic Deists; and the beautiful local rites of vine-clad Palestine are a hollow mockery in the commercial

cities of the West. So it will be with them till they learn to put off their unnatural pride, and merge themselves in mankind. But if they are much to blame for their condition, society has been much to blame also. The Roman Empire, tolerant of all national superstitions, was intolerant of the only national religion within its pale. The Middle Ages, in their hard, clear way, spared the accursed wanderers the sword and fire with which Christian charity corrected the errors of the heretic, but made them pariahs in all nations. Dutch Protestantism and English Puritanism were kind to the keepers and witnesses of the Old Testament. But in Catholic France, even the Revolution of 1789, while it proclaimed the civil equality of all men, scarcely counted the Jews as men; and a kindred element in England still clings to the last relic of persecuting times. If the Jews do not love their country, they have not long had a country to love. If the husbandmen of the Holy Land are petty usurers and receivers of stolen goods, it is partly because, in most nations, they have been forbidden to become owners of land. What they are, our fault in part has made them; and the intolerant section among us is struggling, against charity and against religious gratitude, to keep them what they are.

But it is not for the sake of the Jews alone, or principally, that the success of the measure now once more before Parliament is to be desired. If the interest of the Jew alone were concerned, something might be said for those who should refuse, for the sake of giving another political privilege to a small and half-alien body, to innovate upon the Constitution. If it were a question between the interests of the Jews and the maintenance of religious truth, it would be infinitely better for the Jews themselves that they should remain unemancipated, than that religious truth should be compromised by their emancipation. Not all the civil franchises and powers in the world could make up to a man for the loss or injury of that which alone can render him and all men really free. Even justice itself—even the duty of doing to others as you would be done by—so far as regards temporal interests, ought to give way to those interests which are eternal. It is not for the sake of the Jew, but for the sake of religious truth itself, that this crowning assertion of religious equality ought to be an object of stronger interest than any ordinary subject of legislation in the eyes of enlightened and thoughtful men. It finally ratifies a great principle; and surely the time is come when the English nation ought to be beginning to put off their childish love for that which is called practical wisdom, but which is too often mere mental indolence, and learning to value great principles for themselves. It is absurd and degrading to boast that we grope in twilight, however dexterously and luckily, while other nations walk in the light. Perfect religious equality is essential to perfect liberty of conscience; and without perfect liberty of conscience there can be no such thing as religious truth, or any other truth, in the world. Without the free assent of the human conscience, to which it is addressed, Revelation itself would not be Revelation—it would be as any mere creature of human authority, or politic superstition, or slavish terror, or priestly fraud. The evidence of the whole human race to a miracle or a voice from Heaven, if the evidence were tainted by compulsion or bribery, would be nothing worth, and the next generation would be as entirely in the dark as though no miracle had been seen and no voice heard. We do not say that human reason is the sole witness of religious truth—we say conscience, that is, reason and moral sense combined; but conscience, to be a credible witness, must be absolutely free. All see that the evidence of conscience is vitiated by compulsion. Even those who struggle for the last remnant of political exclusion would shrink from anything in the nature of penal violence, not only from humanity, but from reason and respect for truth. But conscience may be corrupted as well as forced. Tell a man that his political condition shall vary according to his religious profession, and you thereby palpably bribe him to adopt the creed to which the highest political privileges are attached. Nay, the denial of political privileges is a species not only of bribery, but of compulsion—it carries with it a stigma which acts penalty on the mind, though not on the body. Liberty of conscience is a thorough-going doctrine. Once depart from it, and you have no standing ground in reason, whatever you may have in humanity, against the practices of the Inquisition. LOUIS QUATORZE began by occasionally overlooking the Protestant heretics in the distribution of patronage, in order that they might be led to

reflect a little, and consider whether they had good grounds for their separation from the Church—he ended by persecutions and massacres which have made his name, and those of his bloody Ministers and Bishops, hideous and accursed for ever. No doctrine is harder, or has taken longer, to be grasped by common minds. It seems so natural, so right, so charitable, to force or allure others out of their deadly errors into the way of life. It seems so clear that all the power a Christian, or a Catholic, or a Protestant State can wield should be put on the side of Christian, or Catholic, or Protestant truth. But it is not the less certain that, by following in all sincerity of heart this charitable tendency, a dominant Church once crushed truth out of many of the nations of Europe, and, but for a desperate and bloody struggle, would have crushed it out of the world.

It is not, then, from indifference to religious truth, but from a desire to keep it pure, and to preserve its evidence untainted, that we would earnestly urge those who regard themselves as the peculiarly Christian party in Parliament to reconsider, during the recess, the ground of their resistance to Jewish Emancipation. We are as far as possible from saying, as some of the advocates of the measure would be inclined to say, that a man's religion makes no difference in his character and conduct as a legislator. A man's religion, if it is sincere, makes all the difference in his character and conduct as a legislator, as well as in all the other relations and offices of life. To suppose that the mere profession even of the best religion makes any difference, is an absurdity into which nobody falls except when politics are in question. To suppose that a mere profession of collective Christianity on the part of Parliament, apart from the really Christian character of its measures, has the slightest value in the eyes of the Almighty, is to suppose that Heaven is the dupe of that which a wise man sees through and despises. When Jews are eligible, nobody will be bound to vote for a Jew, unless the Jew is more a Christian in character and life than his nominally Christian competitor. Much less will any one be bound to vote, as some of our opponents seem to assume, for a fanatical and lecherous Mussulman, or for a lying and perfidious Hindoo. We entirely agree with our antagonists in holding that the question is not one which admits of compromise or concession on either side, though we hope it may admit of charity on both sides. It is a question not of expediency, but of principle—of the principle, as it appears to us, on which the existence of real religious faith depends. Some mental effort, some knowledge of political philosophy and of history, is requisite in order to see the matter in its true light; but the effort ought to be made, and the knowledge ought to be acquired, not only in order to avert a collision between the Houses of Parliament—which, if it is not necessary, is much to be deprecated, and might even, under certain circumstances, become dangerous—but on very much higher grounds. Religion is not obstinacy, neither is obstinacy religion.

CONTROL AND RESPONSIBILITY.

SOME of the QUEEN'S Ministers appear to be exceptions to the rule, which has been pretty nearly universal during the Indian revolt, of everybody's standing to his guns and facing his responsibility like a man. After the clamorous claims which were put forward at the Mansion House and elsewhere to the entire credit of the wonderful success which has attended our efforts to re-establish our power, there is something inexpressibly contemptible in the endeavours of Lord PANMURE and Mr. VERNON SMITH to fasten on the Court of Directors the blame of the only mistake which is alleged to have been committed. Why be guilty of a piece of meanness when your own words admit its futility? So far as there is a question between the country and the Indian Department as to the carriage provided for the troops in July and August, Mr. SMITH is exactly in the same boat with the Directors. He is responsible, not only technically, but morally, for he allows he might have interfered, though he states that his consciousness of inadequacy to his duties overpowered, throughout the mutiny, his propensity to meddle. If, on the other hand, there is a question between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control—though what question can there be between a subalterus office and its superior?—Mr. SMITH can only be injured by the severance of responsibility. Grant that a blunder was perpetrated. Grant that our contemporary, the *Daily News*, is wrong in affirming that sailing transports had to be em-

ployed because the Admiralty positively refused the assistance of the QUEEN's steam-ships. Making both these assumptions, we can see that it was Mr. SMITH solely who aggravated a miscalculation by an idiotic apology. Had the Directors been allowed to speak for themselves, and had they been confined to the case which was made for them in Parliament, they would, as it seems, at all events have defended themselves on grounds intelligible to a reasonable man. If it were really true that the best nautical authorities, on being consulted, were of opinion that sailing vessels at that particular season might be expected to make the passage more quickly than steamers, nobody would be very hard on a body of landsmen for partially deferring to their advice. The proverb about the folly of carrying all your eggs in the same basket has an especial application when there is a doubt whether one of the baskets is trustworthy. But it pleased Mr. SMITH to defend the mode of transport selected, on the ground that sailing-vessels were despatched for the purpose of exciting emulation in the steamers. This is what has enraged the public. Even had the brave men in Lucknow really been imperilled by the tardy progress of the reinforcements, popular opinion would not have rebelled against the delay, if reasonably accounted for. But who can be expected to contain himself when he is told, in so many words, that all his anxiety has been caused by an official fancy for stirring up the dormant passions in the figure-head of a steamer?

Mr. VERNON SMITH is anything but happy in his gratuitous anticipations of speeches yet in embryo. The complaint that there is no nautical adviser specially attached to the First Commissioner for India, constitutes, we presume, part of the grievances which the Board of Control will endeavour, after the recess, to establish against the system of Double Government. On this point Mr. SMITH has been sufficiently answered already by the great newspaper which patronizes the Ministers. Why did he not put his arm within Sir CHARLES Wood's, as they walked away from a Cabinet Council? Mr. SMITH goes on, however, to state that nautical opinion was taken by the Directors; and we should like to know on what ground the PRESIDENT declines to consider this as advice given to himself. According to all extant descriptions of the Indian Department, the First Commissioner for India commands the entire machinery of the India House, uses it as he pleases, and directs it as he likes. Does Mr. SMITH really believe that Double Government ought to imply a double set of offices and a double array of functionaries for every single administrative object? Or does he mean to say that his subordinates were so exceedingly efficient that it would have been impertinence in him to meddle with them, and that he could not accordingly be expected to re-examine the grounds on which they had adopted a particular mode of transport? The last must have been his meaning, though we suspect he is only half-conscious of it, for he admits that, as soon as the mutiny broke out, he adopted the course of "laying the rein on the necks of the Court of Directors." In other words, he abdicated his duty. He was under a clear constitutional obligation to supervise every single important step taken by the Directors. He ought to have analysed the reasons advanced, and to have caused his subordinates to open up new sources of information if he thought their grounds of action insufficient. But he did nothing of the sort. He made a practical admission that it would not become him to interfere. We do not say he under-estimated his powers; but we ask no further reason for those misapprehensions of the Indian Department which have taken hold of the public mind.

Mr. CHARLES BUXTON lectures us, in the new volume of *Cambridge Essays*, for the severity of our criticisms on Mr. VERNON SMITH, who, he says, is a Minister doing his best for the country. It may be so; but if bad is the best of Mr. SMITH, why are we not to draw the moral? Unfortunately for himself, the present First Commissioner for India personifies a principle. He is the ultimate residuum which is exhibited after boiling down all the fine metaphors that are current among Indian Reformers. When "not a shadow of a shade is left between the people of England and their Eastern dominions"—when the QUEEN "resumes the brightest jewel in her crown"—when India is governed in the name of the Sovereign, "which is a tower of strength"—the transparent medium, the gem, and the fortress, are all represented by Mr. SMITH. He is that latest of modern novelties which is to replace "the antique traditions of the East India Company." Mr. SMITH has therefore had the misfortune of bringing home to people's breasts the conviction that simply to abolish the Double Government is to invest a politician

of the third order with unchecked omnipotence over India. So much he has proved without opening his mouth; and now, by his recent admissions he has established the true reason why people are discontented with the existing distribution of powers between Cannon-row and Leadenhall-street. For the assertion which we made a few weeks since, that the existing system has been discredited through the bad faith of the Crown, we could not wish for stronger confirmation than is supplied by Mr. VERNON SMITH's last speech. The Double Government is an expedient for utilizing to the fullest extent the vast historic influence and reputation of the old East India Company. By the simple contrivance of dividing the Indian Department into two sections, and continuing to the subordinate portion the name which was once borne by the merchant-autocrats of Hindostan, the country obtains a staff of under-functionaries absolutely unrivalled for efficiency, for devotedness, for cheapness, for general and special knowledge, and—what is here of extreme importance—for numerosness. Forsuch subalterns a first-rate chief was required. But at this point the system has to a great extent miscarried. Many successive Cabinets have filled Cannon-row with their old men or their old women, till at last we have a President of the Board of Control who, though he coalesces with the PREMIER to force the Government of India into a Persian war, has nothing to do when a great and terrible crisis occurs, except to "lay the reins on the neck of the Directors." Other Parliamentary heads of departments have placed themselves before now entirely in the hands of their Under-Secretaries; but we ask Mr. MIALL, now that he has mastered the subject of the Indian Government, whether their helplessness was ever before assigned as a reason for increasing their power and their capacity for evil, and for extinguishing the subordinates who have so completely eclipsed them as to give their control the air of an impotence? Mr. MIALL says he wants to get rid of the double Government in order that he may get at the Minister. The Minister is at his mercy, there on the Treasury Bench. But Mr. MIALL, like many other people, cannot look at Mr. VERNON SMITH or listen to him, and afterwards realize his responsibility for so grand an administrative effort as the government of India. Let him agitate for improving the accidents, before he touches the essence, of a great and very successful system. Meanwhile, we trust East India Directors will beware of jeopardizing the interests confided to them by petty mistakes in personal conduct. Surely it is a pity that a friendly fellow-Director should be hawking about Sir JAMES HOGG among the constituencies at the far end of Scotland, where, if returned at all, he can only be returned by the aid of a local quarrel and by the hopes which he may excite as a dispenser of Indian patronage. The attempt to make capital out of provincial jealousies is small policy, and therefore bad policy, on the part of men circumstanced as the Directors of the East India Company.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CURRENCY DEBATE.

THE vitality of currency fallacies is something prodigious. We are weary of discussing them, and were tempted to avail ourselves of the prorogation of Parliament, and the temporary shelving of the whole subject, as an excuse for passing over in silence Mr. DISRAELI's marvellous exhibition of last week. But the debate was too illustrative of the actual state of opinion on the subject to be altogether devoid of interest. The whole discussion, indeed, was more like a dream of fifty years ago than anything else. The self-same hallucinations which the Bullion Committee of 1810 fancied they had disposed of for ever, are once more reproduced by the leader of the Opposition, and duly refuted by Mr. CARDWELL, as they were long ago refuted by Mr. RICARDO. The object of Mr. DISRAELI's motion was to declare that the House of Commons was so well informed and so thoroughly alive to the fundamental doctrines of monetary science, that it no longer needed the assistance of a committee of inquiry to help it to master the subject. The discussion, however, only proved that the progress made in this direction during the last half century, at least by one section of the House, is scarcely appreciable. It was somewhat ludicrous to see Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE voting together for immediate legislation—the one because the folly of our modern policy was too palpable to be doubted, the other because its wisdom was too obvious to be called in question. Mr. GLADSTONE, with the ingenuity which is peculiar to him, neutralized a very sensible speech

by a very inconsequent vote. It is an unfortunate hobby of his to jump to the conclusion which his arguments prove to be false. Some perverse law of his nature is always driving him into the wrong lobby. A speech of his is certain to be replete with sound views and ample knowledge. Until he comes to the practical conclusion, his logic is faultless; but just when you are prepared for an enthusiastic peroration, he suddenly veers round, and sides with the party which he has proved to be in the wrong. If it were possible to pass a special law for his individual case, he ought to be compelled to speak on all subjects and vote on none.

The speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was not less remarkable than those of the Opposition leaders. It was just the reverse of Mr. GLADSTONE'S. The practical result was all that could be desired, but the reasoning showed but a feeble grasp of the principles on which alone his conclusion could be justified. His intimation that the Government was not disposed to abandon the sound theory of our recent legislation, is matter for congratulation; but it would have been still more satisfactory if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had shown a clearer appreciation of the grounds of the policy he supported. He told the House, with some *naïveté*, that he had derived much instruction from his attendance on the Committee; but his arguments were those of a man who had only half learned his lesson, and who felt rather uncomfortable when he came to deal with the opinions of his opponents. One notion, in particular, evidently troubled his spirit with uneasy doubts whether there might not be something after all in the views against which he struggled. He had heard it said that the Bank Act was a restraint upon free trade, and he betrayed a sort of guilty dread lest he might find himself fighting on the side of monopoly. He is not the only man who has winced under this argument, groundless as it is. It is rather curious that both parties to the dispute about the Bank Act claim the prestige of belonging to the free trade side; and it may be worth while to consider on what their respective pretensions rest. The substantial distinction is, that the bullionists advocate free trade in coin but monopoly in coinage, whether it be coinage of metal or of paper. We can comprehend the position of a man who should contend, not only for free trade in bullion, but for the free manufacture of money by any one who might be pleased to devote himself to that tempting branch of industry. It would no doubt be absurd, but it would not be inconsistent, to claim in the name of free trade the right of coining sovereigns or any other metallic tokens, and of creating paper equivalents, whether with or without a promise to cash them in gold. It might be urged that every one who took a private coin, or a private note, would do so on the credit of the name which appeared upon it, and that people ought to be left to take one man's tokens or promises, and to refuse another's, just as they exercise the same kind of discretion in the purchase of goods or the discounting of bills of exchange. If any one were mad enough to recommend this license of private coining, we should be quite willing to give him the credit of advocating free trade in some shape; but it would be free trade in paper only, for the coiner of gold would be driven out of the market by the manufacturers of notes that would cost them nothing at all. For ourselves, we disclaim the pretension to be free traders in coining. The purpose of money, whether coined in metal or paper, is to supply a medium of exchange which shall enable us to dispense with all weighing or assaying, and with all inquiry into the honesty or credit of particular issuers. We want security and uniformity, and we want it as much in the notes as in the coins by which money payments have to be made. Merchants know the character of the firms with which they deal, and they can and do use discretion, and make inquiry, if necessary, before taking a bill of exchange in payment. But the millions who use coins and bank-notes cannot do this. Practically, all money which gets into any kind of general circulation must be taken without investigation, even though it may be the notes of a very shaky bank. It is only by a Government guarantee that money can be made fully to answer its purpose as a safe and certain medium of exchange, and free trade in coinage is therefore out of the question.

But free trade in coin is a very different thing. We have that at present, or at least we had a month or so ago. Any one may import what quantity of gold he chooses, and get it turned into sovereigns or bank-notes—the only restraint upon him being that he is required to employ certain official workmen to coin it, and to pay them a fixed and very minute

per-cent for their trouble. Not only can coin and notes be so put in circulation by private hands, but it is the only way in which a single Bank of England note or sovereign can (under the law of 1844) be circulated. Government can neither add to nor diminish the amount. Neither can the Bank do so, except by themselves engaging in the trade of importing bullion on the same terms as any other firm. In point of fact, our notes and coins are not issued by the Bank or the Mint, but by the persons who carry their bullion to Threadneedle-street. The Bank and the Mint have no other function in the matter than to ascertain the genuineness of the bullion brought to them, and to stamp it with the official mark. They are the ministerial instruments only. The real issuers are the dealers in bullion, who can increase or decrease the amount of currency at will, by varying the quantity of metal which they offer in exchange for sovereigns and notes, and which the Bank is bound to accept. Now this system is, in the strictest sense, free trade in money, whether coin or bank-notes, although it does not emulate the absurdity of a scheme which, by making the manufacture of money a private right, would destroy half the advantages of having money at all.

The supporters of the act of 1844 have, therefore, every right to call themselves free traders. But how stands the case with its opponents? They do not venture to ask for absolute freedom to coin gold, or even to stamp convertible notes, which would be, with all its absurdity, a kind of free trade. But they propose to have a currency composed partly of bullion and partly of convertible notes, the latter to be issued at discretion by the Bank of England. We say nothing now as to the impossibility of securing the convertibility of such notes at all times; but, apart from that, it is clear that under such a system free trade in the gold circulation would be swallowed up by the monopoly of issuing equivalent notes enjoyed by the Bank of England. One might as well talk of free trade in fuel at the mouth of an isolated coal pit. Even that would be but an imperfect parallel; for, to make the cases alike, we ought to suppose that the owner of the pit can bring to the surface as much coal as he pleases, without incurring any expense in the process, and that no other coal is procurable except by costly importations from abroad. If the workings of the pit were closed by Act of Parliament, the monopoly would cease; the cost of coal would rise to the level at which the competition of the foreign market would fix it, and would fluctuate only by slow degrees from natural causes, instead of being subject to the caprice of a single proprietor. By prohibiting arbitrary note coinage by the Bank, a precisely similar effect is produced; free trade in money is at once restored; and, as the cost of our coin is a very secondary consideration compared with the approximate steadiness of value which competition tends to secure, the wisdom of such a restriction is as plain as the fact that it is the only method of making the trade in money anything but a bank monopoly.

It may be said that the proposed privilege of issuing convertible notes *ad libitum* might be given, not to the Bank of England alone, but to all the bankers of the kingdom; but even this would not be a step nearer to free trade in gold coin. Those who can make a pound out of nothing must always have a monopoly as against others who use an expensive metal for the purpose. There can be no competition between them; and on such a plan, the trade of importing bullion for the purpose of coinage would not merely cease to be free, but would be, as a trade, impossible. The bullion would soon cease to come at all, and the boasted convertible notes would become in practice mere paper tokens. And yet we have no doubt that the cry that the Bank Act is opposed to free trade will still be persisted in, though we do indulge the hope that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will, sooner or later, discover that this assertion which caused him so much alarm is a very shallow and rather impudent fallacy.

THE PYRAMID OF ENGLISH INIQUITY.

AN anonymous Absolutist has favoured the world of Paris with his views of the Indian mutiny in a pamphlet addressed to the French Press. It is, he says, very painful to him to find fault with England, but he has read history, and he cannot help himself. He brings forward few facts in his pamphlet, as he very modestly and truly observes; but then every one knows how many facts he might have brought forward, for so countless are they that "their imposing mass might take the name of the Pyramid of English Iniquity." He has mastered them very thoroughly himself, and is accordingly quite able to understand "the ter-

rible explosion of the Indian Vespers;" and he is confirmed in his conclusion by a dictum of *Admiral Napier*, who, it appears, commanded the army of Scinde in 1830, and who spoke of the atrocious cruelties practised on the natives of India. He is thus justified in taking up his parable against English philanthropical interferences with foreign despots, and in asking why *Bomba* should be blamed for treating his subjects as the English treat the Indians, and how a nation that suppresses firmly a revolt in the East can have the face to pretend a sympathy with the rebels of Italy and Hungary?

His historical instances and authorities are drawn from a rather wide range. There are the unrecorded speeches of Lord Chat-ham. There are the works of several obscure travellers of the last century. There is the important but hitherto unknown resolution of the English Parliament, that a nation cannot lose its honour because it has none to lose. And lastly, there is the trial of "Warem Hastings," who committed so many enormities, and yet was not only acquitted but was actually made a peer, and, as all the world knows, attained a high celebrity as the Marquis of Hastings—just as Clive, although his guilt was established, received, on the motion of "the orator Woderburne," the thanks of Parliament for his services. Nor are more recent illustrations and sources of information wanting. Mr. Layard and Mr. Bright have supplied a great many severe commonplaces against the Indian government. That valuable authority, the *Standard*, assures its readers that the real cause of the mutiny is the English lust of gold. Le R. H. Caunter (*the Caunter*) furnishes a curious picture of the life of the Calcutta civilian, from which it appears that the English have borrowed from the Hindoos their luxury and their effeminacy, and pay for this luxury with revenues drawn from twenty annexed kingdoms. Lastly, there is the opinion of M. Jones, one of the eighteen hundred stockholders who (counting among them four hundred women) share the spoils of India. M. Jones says most positively that the recent horrors in India establish a clear claim on the part of the natives to enjoy a representative government. Who, exclaims the author, exultingly, are the true tigers—the Hindoos or the English?

Fortified by these and kindred authorities, the writer proceeds to show what excellent grounds the peasants had for revolting. There are, he says, societies in England for protecting blacks, and societies for protecting animals—but as the Hindoo is unfortunately neither a black nor an animal, there is no society to protect him, and he has been handed over to the East India Company. The Company has done nothing for his morals, his instruction, or his well-being. There are no canals or roads in India. Famine decimates the people—constant torture of the most brutal kind harasses them. Plunged in misery, they look back to the golden time of their happiness, when just and beneficent princes whose memory is still dear to them, such as Akbar and Aurungezeb, sat on the throne of Delhi. The ryots had, the absolutist argues, an unimpeachable ground for revolting, and are perfectly warranted in turning against their oppressors. The argument is overwhelming, and to meet it we can only urge the simple fact that the ryots have not revolted at all, but have done all they can to befriend us.

The stories of the siege and capture of Delhi, which in the first hurry of interesting intelligence were admitted into some of the daily papers, are quoted in the pamphlet as extracts from official documents. The story—on the face of it absurd and untrue—about the residents who trusted to the clemency of the captors and were disappointed, is given with every attraction of large capitals and prominent type. And the writer, working himself into a gentle enthusiasm, first tells us that residents and soldiers suffered alike the penalties of revolt, and finally describes the inhabitants of Delhi as *une population égarée*. He is also especially shocked at the celebration of the victory by General Wilson and his comrades. "Let us look," he says, "at General Wilson in the great hall of the palace, yesterday occupied by the princes whose bodies are now exposed in the city; let us look at him drinking a toast to Queen Victoria, and the brave Ghoorkhas receiving the toast with enthusiasm." This reads, he remarks, like a story told by M. Thierry, of the sack of a Gallic village by a wandering horde of German barbarians. And the worst of it is that the English sinned against light. They might have taken example by the tender patience and noble honesty of the French in Algiers. With regard to Nana Sahib more especially, there is a direct parallel in the history of Abd-el-Kader. The English, says this author, lash themselves into the most furious indignation against that injured hero. The *Times* proposes to cover him with grease, shut him up in a cage, and show him in London at a shilling a head. The English might learn a lesson from the French. They, too, had a bitter enemy who had killed their soldiers, and whose presence would naturally have inspired thoughts of vengeance; but "he passed through our regiments and was respected; he came to France, and the murders committed by his orders were forgotten. France only remembered his courage and his indomitable perseverance, she bethought her of his good qualities, and did honour to a fallen foe." We wish the writer would take the opinions of Mr. Jones and the Caunter on this point as on others. We should like to see how far this graceful rhetoric makes an impression. Is this exactly the view of Abd-el-Kader's history that is generally entertained? Surely the common story runs that Abd-el-Kader received a solemn promise of safety and liberty from a French general and a French

Prince of the Blood, but was nevertheless carried a prisoner to France, and was kept there until 1852, when he was released on the urgent intercession of a few eminent Englishmen.

The pamphleteer might also consult his friends on another point, and ask them whether he is quite justified in entirely omitting all mention of the outrages committed by the Sepoys on women and children, of the horrible mutilations, the licentious brutalities, the refinements of cruelty of which they have been guilty. It is so entirely a part of his case to confound the Sepoys with the ryots, that perhaps we could hardly ask him to draw a distinction between them, because he would then have to burn his pamphlet. He says that a nation whom we have ill-treated has risen up against us in a fair fight. The fact is, that our own agents and instruments, whom we have petted and coaxed, and used a great deal too well, have seized a moment when we were off our guard to murder our men and commit the last insults of lust and cowardice against our women. If he must go to Naples for a parallel, let him draw a more exact one. Let us suppose that the Swiss guards of Bomba took the occasion of a royal dinner-party to kill all the male guests and treat the women as Nana Sahib has treated our women at Cawnpore. Should we at all object to seeing the Swiss guard *désappointés, c'est-à-dire, égorgés?* Not in the least. Whether, if the people of India rose against us, there could be any parallel drawn between them and the educated Christians who have risen against the King of Naples, we cannot say until the event happens. We must, for the present, let the facts speak for themselves; and as far as the evidence goes, it seems to show that the Hindoos do not very keenly regret the days of that singularly mild and tolerant prince, Aurungezeb.

THE MISFORTUNES OF THIEVING.

A SCOTCH preacher, in the exuberance of his charity, is said to have prayed for "the puir deil." We intend to enter a plea for the poor thief. In these days of universal philanthropy, we must say that the blessings of education are not fairly dealt out. It is generally thought that a good deal of high education exists among those interesting specimens of the non-productive classes, the swell-mob men; and we hear much of talents and acquirements thrown away in this profession. Judging from the newspaper accounts, those ingenuous gentlemen who frequent omnibuses, and do business with innocent rustics at public-houses, reach, in point of intelligence and worldly knowledge, at least the average standard of our chance acquaintances. They seem, in the usual run of circumstances, to hold their own. The history of the great Gold Dust Robbery, and the life of Jim the Penman, have led to a popular impression that in the "conveyancing" profession there is embarked as much knowledge, skilled labour, and general practical information, as in many other pursuits which the world dignifies as respectable. The floating opinion about thieves is that, as a class, they are a highly-gifted set of men, who run their wits against society, and generally get the best of it. Is it so? The history of the robbery of Lady Ellesmere's jewels leads to the opposite conclusion. After all, it seems that the great plunderer is but a most scurvy monster." If we are deprived of this illusion, so much the better for society. It is something to find that the terrors of our streets and houses are, as far as intellect reaches, and in all that goes to make common sense, most despicable, stupid, and brutally ignorant.

But there are abatements to this view; and these abatements, we fear, go far towards engendering a vague and unpleasant sense of social uneasiness. Messrs. Attwell, Saint, and Whitty, it is perhaps some relief to find, are, in their actual knowledge of life, fools beyond all conceivable estimate of folly; but, on the other hand, the existence of such a precious pair as Jackson and femme quite staggers us. Universal distrust and confusion are the result of a steady and unrelieved contemplation of the manner of life of a "fence"-keeper. Jackson, it appears, owns one shop in Leonard-street, Shoreditch, and another in or near Old-street, in the same pleasant region. Doubtless this gentleman has paid scot and lot, and for aught we know may have been, or is, a parish officer. He deals in ordinary wares, and no doubt is, in his way, of the ordinary type of respectable tradesmen. As he keeps two shops, perhaps he is in advance socially of his neighbours. But his candles and firewood, and colours and oil-cans, are all make-believe—his real stock in trade is stolen property. Thieves go and come as a matter of course; they have the *entrée* of his pleasant family circle; no questions are asked. Jackson goes into a new "swag" with just as much unconcern as a banker's clerk cashes a customer's familiar cheque. This is not the accredited aspect of a "fence." Ikey Solomons and the marine-store dealer in *Oliver Twist* present a different view. We do not expect to recognise in the respectable and decent, if not substantial, shopkeeper one of Mr. Jackson's calling. Nor do the social revelations arising out of this curious case stop here. We common people are initiated into the manners of life of great folks. What a world of dignity now displays itself as we survey the inside of a nobleman's palace; and, as we behold those great liveried giants and smart lady-servants, we begin, in moralizing strain, to ask of what possible use are they? Certainly not to look after their

master's goods and chattels. Flankeydom does not condescend to so vulgar a duty. They pack up a portmanteau containing 15,000*l.* worth of jewellery, and fling it jauntily on the outside of a cab—not one of the Ellesmere household thinking that it belonged to his "department" to see the safe transit of this precious wallet through the dangerous defiles of Berkeley-square. As far as we can learn, there was no servant sent—or at least, no servant went—in charge of the luggage from Bridgewater House. And then the cabman. We hear of the deadness to external impressions of an Indian Yogi; but what is his sublime abstraction when measured with that of the meditative cabman who, so Mr. Attwell assures us, did not even feel that awful jerk when the weighty trunk was hurled from the roof of his vehicle with such violence as to fling even a cab-horse on his haunches? "All was right, and the cab went on"—the "cabman was not tumbled"—is Attwell's graphic description of the incident; and, doubtless, the cabman, who, we observe, is not forthcoming, found it to be "all right." About the police, too. This robbery occurred in January, 1856—the detectives never had the slightest trace of the robbers. It was by the merest chance that, late in 1857, they fell upon Jackson's "fence," in Leonard-street, and for quite a different purpose. As to the accomplices, Saint and Whitty, they are not to be heard of; and the skill which has tracked the second cabman is at fault as regards the much more important personage who conveyed the trunks from Lord Ellesmere's house, as well as "old Sam Britton," the thieves' oracle, and the purchasers of the diamonds. As it is, the actual romance of the robbery settles round Attwell; and, we are sorry to say it, not without a trace of a morbid sympathy on the part of the public. Most of us feel something like regret that such a first-rate "swag" should have fallen into such very queer hands, and that the real heroes should have been so egregiously bitten. It is really melancholy to hear of the Jew in Bishopsgate-street who bought the diamonds, and of that sad waste of capital which consigned "the thing like a butterfly" to the water-closet, and those gems of purest ray serene which blazed in a lady's tiara to a field somewhere in Whitechapel. There is something almost touching in the simple ignorance of Attwell and his two friends. They had lived so long in the world of cheats and impostures that their eyes were blinded to the very existence of solid worth. Rogues themselves, they only believed in the reign of universal roguery. Nothing could disentangle them from their firm persuasion that there was nothing true, and real, in the world. They could but conceive of diamonds—"sparks" was the racy phrase—as paste; and, experienced only in the jewellery and wardrobe of the Standard Theatre, they thought that very fine dresses and coronets, and "things like a half-moon," were proof positive of somebody in the theatrical line. Attwell went beyond the cautious maxim, "All is not gold that glitters," and illogically converted the proposition into "Nothing that glitters is true gold." He was a victim to his fatal habit of suspicion and distrust. "They get these things up so well now, that one can hardly tell the difference." Although alive to the fact that the "Countess of Ellesmere is a lady almost next to the Queen," in such profound depths of scepticism are Messrs. Attwell and Co. as to the absolute impossibility of gold and jewels being other than pinchbeck and glass, that even this did not suggest the glorious truth; and probably they do not believe in the honesty even of the Crown Imperial in the Tower of London. And so they sell diamond drops and buttons for five shillings, and all that the bold but too-suspicious robbers get for 15,000*l.* worth of property is 40*l.* among them. We almost pity the victims of this stern and practical Pyrrhonism.

We cannot, however, dismiss Mr. Attwell to his retreat at Springfield, or Mr. Jackson to his pleasant *decennium* of honest labour, without a *quære* addressed to the world of letters. We want another Captain Grose. Slang, like the French language, is in a constant flux, and we lack a new dictionary every twenty years. A good deal of this mysterious tongue may be got at by an ordinary acquaintance with the metaphorical functions of language, though we must say that thieves' English, and its cognate variety, the tongue of the United States, alone display the force and richness of our noble vernacular. Mr. Attwell's narrative is allusive and idiomatic, but, generally speaking, not obscure. Its value is that it displays the fact that there are certain occurrences and modes of action, exceptional to the common run of mankind, but familiar to the thief's profession, and so common among a particular class that, while we, standing on the outside, are obliged to be periphrastic in describing them, the great order of "conveyancers" have invented significant and concise terms of art to describe them in a single pregnant phrase. Thus, to get a convenient vehicle and an equally convenient driver for stolen property is to "square a cabman"; and we learn that—again adopting a geometrical form—to "round upon us" is, by interpretation, to inform against an accomplice. It used, we think, to be to "split." But, as Horace remarks upon the language of poetry, so it is with that of slang—*cadent que qua nunc sunt in honore vocabula, &c. &c.* Some of the Attwell metaphors are merely poetical forms; for example, "sparks" for "diamonds" is intelligible, and one fancies that one sees some analogy in the expression "chump" (as though, *inutile lignum*) for "fool." "Cheers" for "cabs" is more difficult. The question suggests itself whether "cheers" is not the Cockney for "chairs," and thus, through the Anglo-Gallic *chaise*,

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we get a synonym at least. But we hazard this as a mere conjecture. Two phrases of Mr. Attwell's, however, we can only, in sheer despair, refer to the Royal Society of Literature. Sir H. Rawlinson can decipher cuneiform, but can he tell us why "moniker"—the word has a certain Coptic or Egyptian twang—means a name painted on a trunk? Or can any extant philologist discover any lingual affinity or process of assimilation to justify calling a "portmanteau" a "port St. Peter?" The element "port," we observe, is common to the two words; but what analogy exists between "manteau" and the chief apostle? Can Mr. Spooner suggest any connexion with the doctrine of the Papal supremacy? May it not be possible for him to arrive at the conclusion that here is a proof that all thieves are Papists, and that there is some subtle allusion in "port St. Peter" to the patron saint of all rogues and vagabonds?

LADY MORLEY.

IT is always somewhat difficult to determine, in the case of persons who do not arrogate to themselves any prominent position, either on the stage of literature or of public life, how far their characters can be legitimately made the subject of public notice. It seems, however, to have been already decided that the death of Lady Morley cannot be treated altogether as a private loss. There are very few still surviving whose absence would create so great a void in that wide social circle which this accomplished lady delighted and adorned. Her influence was peculiar, and her position was probably unexampled. Though well read in literature, beyond the average of educated women in her own society, she belonged in no sense to the class of literary women. The few fugitive pieces which found their way from her pen to the press were never intended for publication, and are only the petrifications of that fun which derived half its zest from the genial utterance of the mouth from which it flowed. Her literary judgment, as is usual with persons of her age, took its stamp and impress from the traditions and fashions current in her youth. Lady Morley was neither a writer nor a critic. Still less did she owe any of the influence which she exercised over the society in which she lived to political sympathies or party organization. At no time in her life did she mix in political intrigue, nor was her house ever the gathering-place of expectant or triumphant partisans. She never embarked in that laborious and harassing career by which, after seasons of toil, some women attain to the hated but envied title of a "leader of fashion." Yet, without treading any of these high roads to social importance, she wielded an influence so large and so wholesome that it deserves to be commemorated with gratitude and respect. The power of a clever woman, whether for good or evil, is probably greater upon the men with whom she comes in contact than all the books they ever read, or all the speeches they ever hear. The social arts are of all others the most difficult to acquire, and certainly not the least refining to those who are capable of their discipline. They have the grace, even beyond their imitative sisters—

To mend the manners and improve the heart.

And it was eminently by her social qualities that Lady Morley became what she was—not only the charm, but the unconscious instructress of those with whom she associated. By social qualities we will be easily understood we do not mean those accomplishments of story-telling, joke-retailing, and scandal-mongering, which make the stock-in-trade of the professional "diner-out." The qualities of which we speak require for their perfection three essentials, precious in their separate excellence, but most rare in their combination—a cultivated mind, a natural humour, and a good heart. Lady Morley was witty, but she was the furthest possible removed from being what is called "a wit." To her properly belonged the character drawn by her favourite poet—"With wit well natured and with books well bred." She might have taught some of our modern satirists that in order to be amiable, it is not indispensable to be stupid, and that a person of real genius may delight a company without corruptly appealing to their vanity and self-love through the vehicle of detraction. In a word, she loved society, and society loved her. She did not addict herself to *coteries*, for her sympathies were universal; and she had no need to supply poverty of ideas by the small talk of *cliques*, or to hide conscious inferiority in a packed circle. She went everywhere and was welcome everywhere; for no one failed to feel wiser and happier in the company of Lady Morley. It was thus that, by the wit which made her benevolence respected, and the benevolence which made her wit innocuous, she raised the tone of the society in which she mixed, and saved it from two opposite dangers—that of being depressed by amiable stupidity or debased by malignant cleverness. She possessed in an eminent degree that fine sense of the ridiculous which is the sovereign remedy against social cant. Those who have watched with admiration and delight the bright but harmless flashes of her summer lightning, will long remember with affectionate gratitude how healthy, happy, and refined was ever the tone of the conversation in which Lady Morley took the lead. Such influences as these may be confined to a limited circle, but their effects are not slight or transient to those who come within their sphere. The peal of her joyous laugh is hushed; but the memory of her quick wit, her playful

fancy, and her kindly soul yet remains. She will not be altogether lost to the society which mourns her if it has the grace to cherish and profit by the lesson of her bright and benevolent example.

MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE.

WE have received a letter from Mr. J. G. Phillimore with reference to an allusion contained in our article of last week on Haileybury College to an application made by him for a Professorship in that institution. In justice to Mr. Phillimore we publish his statement of the circumstances:—

"The fact is this. Under an erroneous impression as to the duties and emoluments of the office, I sent a strictly formal intimation to the Directors that I would accept it. In a very few hours afterwards, I ascertained that in point of value it was below, and that from its duties it was incompatible with, one which I then held, and continue to hold, to which I was appointed by the four Inns of Court. I then *withdrew my application*, the success of which I had taken no single step of any kind whatever to promote. Even had I been disappointed in my wishes, I think I may appeal to all who have observed my conduct, friends or foes, to say whether it is probable that I should have been governed, on a question of such unspeakable importance, by the sordid, ungenerous, and miserable motive ascribed to me; but, as the facts stand, what shadow of ground is there for such an imputation?"

REVIEWS.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

IT was the fashion, in the so-called Augustan age of English literature, to convey the occasional satire of the times in the shape of some *Citizen of the World*, or *Chinese Philosopher*, mildly pondering and moralizing over the follies or vices of England. No longer favoured with the imaginary travels of a Persian gentleman in search of politeness and civilization, perhaps we have lost something in not realizing that outside aspect towards extant men and manners which, somehow or other, Goldsmith and the British Essayists in general managed to maintain. It is something to see ourselves as others see us. Now, judging from the popular literature, what a very jolly thing the British Christmas must be! Travellers tell us of the universal frenzy which seizes a sacred Hindoo city at the holidays of Kali or the Monkey God; and schoolboys have always thought the Saturnalia the pleasantest reminiscence of Lemprière. But take the illustrated newspapers and the advertisements of the season, and what a magnificent ideal of the British Christmas presents itself! All England seems to run riot in a plethora both of wealth and of benevolence, which is perfectly beautiful to read about. One universal flood of generosity, kindness, and liberality rushes through the land. The only interference with the pleasant moments dedicated to bestowing Christmas gifts and boxes is the necessity of husbanding some spare time for receiving them. And then the joviality of the whole thing—at least, according to "the Christmas numbers," dedicated to the hospitalities of the season. What feasting and gambolling—what hand-shaking, and kissing under the mistletoe! What kindness in all the frosty-faced grandpas—what a swell of matronly beneficence in all the mammas—what a genial mixture of propriety and pertness in the misses! Was there ever such a Christmas, except in the "double numbers?" Would our old friend the Chinese Philosopher recognise the ideal, as they say, in the actual? Are we, after all, such a church-going, roast-beef-and-plum-pudding-eating, hand-shaking, and jolly-companions—every-one people as we think we are every 25th of December? Is it really merry England still?

Perhaps, after all, the contrast between the promise and performance is as great as it was in the old times, but not greater. We suspect that the Christmas of fact and the Christmas of books and traditions were always two. At any rate, the very rollicking type of Christmas is not the prevalent one. *More majorum*, we enjoy ourselves *moult tristement*. There is an air of solidity, not to say of dulness, even in our fun. Our comedy is of the heavy order. Perhaps it has always been so, but now it takes a curious turn. It is necessary, as ours is a practical age—or as it is the slang of the day to affect to be very practical—to combine the useful with the ornamental. And so it comes to pass that our Christmas-boxes have become Christmas books, and our Christmas books must reflect what, when we talk fine, we call the characteristics of the age. The most noticeable mark of Christmas is the universal exchange of books. Our Leipzig fair in London is the announcement of the Christmas books; and being—or thinking that we are—a very good people, the run is upon good books. We do not send oysters and cod-fish out of town, and we seldom get any turkeys and chines into town. *Ecruent alti*—let France celebrate its Christmas and its *Jour de l'An* by sumptuous outlay in bronzes and jewels, and the familiar *articles de Paris*, even down to its bonbons and

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chocolate. Be it ours, as befits the solidity and strength of the manly English character, to spend our money in a way which shall do us credit. Let our holiday garments be like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, lasting as well as good-looking. So let us go decently to Paternoster-row.

And certainly books afford a fine opportunity for the display of this practical character on which we plume ourselves. To give a book looks so lofty and dignified; and when we give, we like to realize the fact both that we are giving and that we are doing good. When we give a Christmas book, we can make a neat little speech, and improve the occasion. This is one element in the popularity of Christmas books. We should say that those advertisers who address the baser part of man, and suggest their genuine hampers of brandy and gin as Christmas gifts, must be looked down upon with a very lofty feeling by the model Paterfamilias of Christmas. The severer taste of the enterprising numismatist, who suggests a "cabinet of coins as an appropriate Christmas present"—the spirit of the age, which, in the way of a Christmas diversion, has superseded Clowns and "Hot Codlins" by an improving visit to Wilde's Great Globe, and banished magic lanterns by stereoscopic slides, conveying geographical and mathematical lessons in the most pleasingly useful shapes—these are the things which show Christmas as it is. To be sure, in our heart of hearts, both we and the children know that, if it is all very good, it is all terribly dull. And if conscience were to be consulted, we are not certain that bracelets for the girls, or foot-balls and cricket-bats for the boys, would not displace books in the estimate of the recipients of all our Christmas literature. However, Christmas books are the thing; and they are a staple manufactory. They have special characteristics too. We have outgrown the Keepsakes and Forget-Me-Nots, which were assuredly most outrageous rubbish. But then they had a character—a small one, but still a character. The scarlet silk, and the steel engravings, and the honourable contributions were original. It is curious that our Christmas books now are never original. It is deemed safer to reprint an old classic than to venture on an independent work. And there is wisdom in this. It requires more self-reliance than uncles and aunts usually possess to stamp with their respectable authority a new work. If *Paradise Lost* were to be published for the first time as a Christmas book, nobody would venture on purchasing it. An Illustrated edition of the Hundredth Psalm, metrical version, would be a safer and more profitable investment.

The specialty, then, of Christmas books is that they are safe books, and, to be safe, they must be old. They are almost universally reprints and "selections from favourite authors." There is a good deal of luxury, and something of pomp and vanity in their outward and visible form, but not more than is carried off by their unquestionable propriety. The publishers of Christmas books aim very reasonably at a domestic circulation. The *Vicar of Wakefield*, with Mulready's famous illustrations (Longman and Co.), was a very pattern of its class. It was a work to have rather than to read, because everybody has read the *Vicar of Wakefield*; but it was the safest of all safe books to invest in. And its sale has been proportionate to the sound judgment and tact which first suggested it. The greatest innovation of the year is an illustrated edition of Burns (Bell and Daldy); but then all the naughty songs, and not a little of the fun, are excluded; and what we lose in wit we get in woodcuts, which are most wholesome, if not so savoury. As a specimen of the opposite class of "gift-books," we have the fifty-third edition of the *Christian Year* (J. H. Parker), sumptuously "rubricated and illuminated in gold and colours, from medieval manuscripts," as befits the most popular book which the Oxford school has originated, or rather which helped to originate the Oxford school. If, and not unreasonably, the publishers "suppose that in the demand for illustrated works a selection from the Poems of Thomas Moore would be acceptable," they have taken care to make the selection with a careful but not quite complete avoidance of odes to Nea, and an entire reticence as to the "Fudge Family," the "Post Bag," and the political squibs in the *Chronicle*, which are undeniably Moore's best works. The same publishers (Messrs. Longmans), aiming at all tastes, have issued, as a Christmas book, a second and improved edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, which, both as to substance and illustrations (claiming, as it does, originality), far exceeds in importance and beauty, and as a real contribution to art, the lean and scratchy woodcuts of Mr. Birket Foster and his school of landscape draftsmen, to whom the illustrated books must have been a fortune. For those who more ostentatiously invest in edification, we find such solemn *mélèges* as *Sabbath Bells chimed by the Poets* (Bell and Daldy). Judging from the title—which is a falsification of George Herbert's *Sundays*, "Think, when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music"—we suppose it to be a volume of poetical miscellanies from all sorts of authors, of all sorts of tastes and ages, on religious subjects. As poetry is thought to be popular, most of the Christmas books are in the poetical line. One of the most successful of these collections was last year's publication, Mr. Willmott's *Poets of the Nineteenth Century* (Routledge); and of a similar character, addressing rustic buyers, is a volume fantastically entitled *Rhymes and Roundelay in Praise of a Country Life* (Routledge), and another, the *Home Affections by the Poets* (Routledge), edited by Charles Mackay—which, translated into the vernacular, means a collection of short poems of modern writers, on sentimental subjects, chiefly

relating to love. When we were boys, there was a *Little Warbler*, that is to say, a song-book divided into several parts—sporting songs, comic songs, amatory songs, sentimental songs. The *Home Affections* is a glorified sentimental song-book, resplendent in crimson and gold, of the strictest propriety, and "profusely illustrated" by the Brothers Dalziel. *Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems* (Sampson Low), consist of eight or nine of his smaller pieces in a very thin volume. This is a collection bidding for slenderer purses than the guinea books, and is likely enough to be popular. The *Prince of Peace, or, Lays of Bethlehem* (Seeley and Jackson), though emanating from a publisher of the *Record School*, is a collection of religious poems, suggested by the great cluster of Christmas festivals, which has been selected in no narrow or sectarian spirit, as the names of Giles Fletcher, Wither, Vaughan, even the poor Jesuit poet Southwell, Milman, and Keble sufficiently witness. Similar in character, but better in execution, is the "Gift-Book" of the other "strictly Evangelical" publisher, Nisbet. The title is *Lays of the Holy Land*, a miscellaneous collection of verses selected without any sectarian bias; but the illustrations—some by Millais, and some photographs from the scenery of Palestine—are not only above the average, but (not excepting Mr. Bartlett's *Walks about Jerusalem*) form one of the best Hand-books of the country we possess. We are disposed to place this volume in the front rank of Christmas books.

One or two are speculations especially intended for the American market. *Bryant's Poems* (Sampson Low), we believe, is published with a view to a Transatlantic circulation only; and the *Poetical Works of Edgar Poe* (Sampson Low), among the most sumptuous which the season has produced, makes amends for a rivulet of type by a whole grove of illustrations of almost tropical luxuriance. The *Fables of Aesop translated into Human Nature* (Kent) is addressed to the lovers of satire or cynicism. It is by a young artist who has acquired the knack of caricaturing animals by investing them with certain human attributes and vices, and who published a funny little collection of "Shadows" last year. His pencil rather recalls—and it is no slight praise—what the pen did in the famous *Reynard the Fox*; but he falls into the error of using up very old jokes, such as those on the alleged cupboard love of "Policeman X 25." Longfellow's poems are the bank from which the publishers of illustrated works draw most copiously. Everybody knows Longfellow. His is precisely the poetical genius—level, pretty, easily remembered, graceful, not overtasking the memory or the intelligence—which is sure to be "welcomed in the domestic circle." Consequently, we have his "Poetical Works" (Routledge), illustrated by Gilbert, from which, of course, because it is really an original and muscular work, the *Golden Legend* is omitted; and from the same publishers, in single and smaller volumes, we have the *Voices of the Night* and *Evangeline*. Mr. Henry Mayhew aims somewhat higher in his *Upper Rhine* (Routledge), which deserves commendation, if for no other reason than because it revives what used to characterize the Annual—the line-engraving of landscape scenery; and we must not forget that in these old-fashioned Annuals, some of Turner's fine works first appeared. Among the religious Gift-books, a collection of Mr. Adams's *Sacred Allegories* (Livingtons) stands high. It is, if we remember right, in the second year of its issue, as is the edition of *Tennyson's Poems* (Moxon), illustrated by Mulready, Maclise, and Millais, which has been already noticed in these pages. Veterans such as Fanny Kemble, appear with the *Christmas Tree* (John W. Parker and Son), and other German tales; and it is a curious illustration of the growth of opinion, that *Keats's Poems* (Moxon), takes its place in the same accredited class as *Beattie's Minstrel* (Routledge), which, time out of mind, has rewarded good schoolboys at suburban academies. Apparently belonging to the Sandford and Merton class, we may specify *Ungava, a Tale of the Esquimaux*, and the *Coral Island, a Tale of the Pacific*—both by Mr. Ballantyne, and both issued by the same publisher (Nelson), who also produces a very readable little book, *Cats and Dogs*. Whether, under the same category, are to be ranked *Happy Sundays for the Young and Good*, dedicated by permission, to the Rev. R. Bickersteth (Dean), and *Pleasant Sundays*, of which the publisher assures us that "it will be, indeed, a pleasure to those parents who delight in seeing a group of happy children gleaning lessons of piety and wisdom, love and kindness," we are not aware. We have not seen this pair of delightful works, nor are we prepared to recommend them—we only cite them as proofs of the popular taste.

There is not a view, artistic or sectarian, literary or religious—there is not a bias, social or domestic—which cannot in this cloud of Christmas books find something for its taste. And, on the whole, the class is a legitimate one. Its literary characteristic is its decorousness and propriety, and the general attempt at something practical and useful—an attempt which, if it often fails, is at least creditable. Anyhow, these books as a series are extremely well got up in their mechanical department. Thick creamy paper, exquisite typography, great ingenuity displayed in getting the woodcuts to a varied tint, which in the hands of a skilful printer makes the difference of chiaro-oscuro even in working a woodcut—and the employment of good artists, who would do better, however, if they had the courage to take fewer commissions—these merits are to be found in all our higher Christmas books. They employ a vast capital, and im-

prove, if not art, at least certain processes which art may well adopt. They scatter sound, if not always very useful, literature among the people; and though not without fopperies and weaknesses, they are a social gain, as an advance upon the old style of Christmas-boxes.

BALZAC.*

DURING the last thirty years, novels have played a most characteristically important part in French literature. They have, indeed, acquired a sort of special character, which is as much associated with the words "French novel" as various qualities of very different kind are associated with such expressions as "Scotch metaphysics" or "German theology." To this large and somewhat questionable class of productions, Balzac was, we believe, the most prolific, as he was assuredly the most remarkable contributor. Between 1827 and 1848, he wrote, as Madame Surville tells us, 97 tales of various lengths, filling no less than 10,816 pages of the small one-franc volumes in which they have been lately republished at Paris, and which contain about as much matter as those of Mr. Murray's *Travellers' Library*. We should on every account be glad to know something of the life of such a man; and though it is not yet satisfactorily written, we are occasionally favoured with instalments of the materials from which it will, we may hope, be ultimately produced. One of these, by M. Léon Gozlan, called *Balzac en Pantoufles*, we referred to about a year ago. We have now before us a production of somewhat the same size by the great novelist's surviving sister, Madame Surville. It is less amusing than M. Gozlan's book, but it throws, we think, more light on Balzac's character. He was the son of an army contractor at Tours—a person of a most original disposition—and of a lady who, though deeply attached to her son, showed her fondness by introducing a somewhat unusual degree of severity into all their relations. It is greatly to Balzac's honour that he seems through life to have felt that high degree of affection for his relations generally, and especially for his parents, which eminently belongs to the French national character. There was nothing very remarkable about his youth. He studied law from eighteen to twenty-one, at which age, greatly to his parents' disgust, he refused a very advantageous offer of a partnership with a *notaire*, and declared his wish to become a *littérateur* by profession. His father, with a very natural reluctance, allowed him two years to *faire ses preuves de talent*; and his mother, who thought that *un peu de misère* would perhaps cure him of his fancy, lodged him in a scantily-furnished garret, with an allowance on which he could just manage to live. Here he set to work of malice prepense to become an author, and with infinite labour, composed a tragedy, called *Cromwell*, which all his friends agreed in damning. He was accordingly recalled to his father's house, and lived there in an uncomfortable and anomalous position during the next six or seven years. During this time he wrote a number of tales which he never avowed, and to which, in obedience to his express wishes, his sister only alludes without naming them. At about the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, he turned from literature to speculation, and entered into several undertakings connected with printing, the capital being supplied by his parents. They appear, however, to have been not very successful, and he extricated himself from the business with the loss of all his money, a large debt—most of which was owing to his mother—and a considerable amount of experience in pecuniary matters. It is a most significant fact, that the first of his successful novels, *Les Chouans*, was written under the pressure of these difficulties. In this we have an additional proof of the most important truth that can be impressed on authors—namely, that even a man of genius can write nothing worth reading which has any relation to human affairs, unless he is in some way or other really connected with the serious every-day business of life. If Balzac had accepted the offer made to him in early life, he would have seen a vast deal of the world whilst still young enough to appreciate and to describe it, and might have written his novels afterwards at his ease, without being constantly under the obligation—as for many years he was—of throwing off three or four novels a year, in order to place himself in a position either to take up his acceptances or to get them renewed. In this, as in most of the affairs of his life, he showed the weakness which ran through the whole of his character. He was, as Madame Surville says in so many words, excessively vain, and he showed it by the extraordinary appetite for fame with which he was always devoured. *Etre célèbre et être aimé*, he wrote in very early life, were the only two things he cared for.

We do not pretend to have read the whole of his novels, but the specimens with which we are acquainted leave upon our minds no doubt that, in the school to which he belonged, Balzac was, in some respects, by far the greatest master that France has produced. The principal heads under which novels may be classified are comedies and romances. By comedies, we mean books which aim at painting life as it is, and by romances, those which depend for their interest upon the incidents which they describe, and in which the characters introduced are subordinate to the events and scenery. Mr. Thackeray's

writings, for example, would all fall into the first class, whilst we should place Fenimore Cooper's in the second. Here and there a man of extraordinary power combines both kinds of excellence, and of this rare combination Defoe and Scott are the most remarkable instances in our own country, and Balzac and Charles de Bernard in modern France. In the two great English writers whom we have named, the romantic element was the strongest. Robinson Crusoe is admirable as a character, but the name recalls the island rather than the man; and in *Waverley*, the march of events, and the strange society into which we are introduced, throw into the shade in some degree the wonderful skill employed in drawing the Baron and Fergus McIvor. In the French writers, on the other hand, the comic element prevails, though the romantic element, especially in Balzac, is occasionally most powerfully developed, and there can hardly be a more interesting study of its kind than the effect produced by the union of the two. In Balzac's principal works, as our readers are doubtless aware, the stories and personages are all more or less connected; and his own theory about them was that they presented a vast and accurate picture of contemporary French life. Their merits are no doubt to be judged of by the degree in which they approach this ideal. It would of course be presumptuous for a foreigner to pronounce upon the accuracy of the picture; but the most ordinary observer may affirm some things respecting it with no fear of being mistaken. It has, we think, greater merits, in some respects, than almost any other prose fiction whatever. Looking merely at the extent and variety of the scenes and characters which it represents, we know of no series of works which can be compared to it. It contains portraits from every rank and from almost all the more important classes of French society, in Paris or the provinces. The power with which some of the characters are described is extraordinary, and the more so because their peculiarities are displayed without any of that minute dissection of motives which is so fashionable in this country, and yet without the melodramatic starts and fantastic tricks of expression which some of our most popular writers employ to cheat their readers into the impression that the animated puppets which crowd their canvas have real life and individuality. Nothing can be better worth attention in this way than the personages introduced into the *Scènes de la Vie Célibataire*. The coarse cunning, reckless selfishness, and craft of Philippe Bridau; and the gay, careless honesty and somewhat improvident generosity and sensibility of his brother, the artist, are characters which even a foreigner can perceive to be exquisitely French and exquisitely true to nature; whilst the stolid stagnancy of the *bourgeois* society of Limoges, and the moody inactivity of the retired officers of the Grande Armée—bold, quick-tempered, and punctilious, but most characteristically incapable of extricating themselves from the vegetative life upon which the return of the Bourbons has thrown them back—fill up the outward and visible framework of French society with personages so curiously natural and appropriate that it is impossible not to believe in their truth.

The variety and life of Balzac's characters do not, we think, constitute their principal claim to attention. This is to be found in the impression which they produce—and which other facts abundantly confirm—of the extraordinary good faith with which they are drawn. M. Gozlan tells us, and Madame Surville confirms his statement, that Balzac conceived his various personages so vividly that they were to him exactly like real living men and women. He used to talk about them, and arrange the incidents of their careers, with precisely the same seriousness and fervour as he would have shown if he had been discussing the plans of real people. "Savez-vous," said he one day to his sister, "qui Félix de Vandenesse épouse? Une demoiselle de Grandville. C'est un excellent mariage qu'il fait là, les Grandville sont riches malgré ce que Mademoiselle de Bellefeuille a côte à cette famille." One of the characters in *Ursule Mirouet*, a certain Captain de Jordy, excited the curiosity of Balzac's friends. M. de Jordy is represented as living at Nemours, weighed down by some secret grief, and Madame Surville was anxious to know the cause of it. "I did not know M. de Jordy before he came to Nemours," was her brother's answer. Another proof of the strange vitality with which he endowed his characters was his practice of naming them, not out of his own head, but after any names over a shop which seemed to him to suit them *à priori*. "Matifat! Cardot! quels délicieux noms me disait-il. J'ai trouvé Matifat rue de la Perle au Marais. Je vois déjà mon Matifat! Il aura une face pâlotte de chat, un petit embonpoint, car Matifat n'aura rien de grandiose comme tu peux le croire." It is impossible not to see the same strange sort of sympathy between the name and the description which Sydney Smith, with general applause and consent, affirmed to exist between a bishop of the Church of England and the name of Simon.

This good faith and profound sense of reality shows itself also in the way in which Balzac treats serious subjects. He believed so fully in all that he wrote, that he threw his characters into the business of life with as much vehemence and interest as he can possibly have employed in negotiating his bills. He counts up their resources in francs and centimes. He gives the most minute details of their speculations and of their views of art or politics, according to the positions in life which they fill. We have writers in our own country who turn novels into political pamphlets—generally to

* *Balzac : sa Vie et ses Œuvres, d'après sa Correspondance*. Par Madame L. Surville (née de Balzac). Paris. 1857.

the great injury both of the story and of the politics, for they almost always fall into the mistake of raising *ab extra* at the management of affairs which they do not understand. Balzac was by no means open to this charge. He was anything but a mere destructive in politics. He seems to have studied with considerable depth and acuteness, and with a genuine wish to understand their working, many of the institutions amongst which he found himself placed. How deep his knowledge of law, of administration, and of commerce, really went, an Englishman can only conjecture, but it is quite clear that he was at any rate free from that vulgar and presumptuous contempt for common opinions upon these subjects which so strongly characterizes a certain class of English novelists.

The key, as we believe, to this and to most of the other peculiarities of his style, is to be found in the fact that Balzac had a far higher conception of the objects and nature of his art than is usual in this country. He felt that novels were something more than mere toys, to be kept down to the level of the most childish minds and the most babyish ignorance of life. He was well aware that they are works of art, to be constructed according to rules of their own, and to be valued for their inherent perfection, and not for any collateral purpose to which they might be made subservient; and this feeling naturally led him to deal far more fairly with the institutions under which he lived, and to study them in a much more generous and honest spirit than it is possible for any man to evince who devotes hundreds of pages to attacks on a misconceived and possibly non-existent abuse. He had an artist's aversion to the caricature and extravagance which are so conspicuous in many of our own novelists when they write upon the real business of life.

It must be admitted that the same temper of mind lies at the root of the most serious faults with which he is justly chargeable. Balzac has been repeatedly denounced as an immoral writer; and there can be no doubt that in some degree the charge is well founded, though, as we think, in a degree very much lower than that in which it is usually put forward. As we have already observed, he is especially remarkable for combining excellence in the comic and in the romantic departments of fiction—using the word “comic” as denoting all that relates to the observation of every-day human life, not only, or principally, in its ludicrous, but also in its gloomy and appalling aspects. So long as he is merely an observer and faithful depicter of what passes around him, we think that he is entitled to the full weight of the defence which, as his sister tells us, he made when charged with immorality. “J'écris pour les hommes, non pour les jeunes filles.” A novel in England is in some respects like a sermon. It is addressed to an audience so very large and so very mixed, that a large proportion of the most important social and moral subjects must of necessity be tabooed. No London clergyman could preach to an ordinary congregation a sermon on the Seventh Commandment; yet no one can doubt that if the proper hearers could be collected separately—and the materials would not be wanting—one of the most impressive and most important discourses which human lips could deliver might be founded on it. If Mr. Thackeray writes a novel, he is forced by the prevailing tone of writing, and especially by the fact that he will have many female readers, to leave untouched one large province of life; but in France the temper of the people is different, and we cannot blame a novelist for availing himself of the opportunity of showing how hideous vice is. But it is not merely as an observer that Balzac depicts vice. It furnishes most of the machinery to which the romantic parts of his novels owe their interest. In this way he constantly creates monsters, and needlessly dwells upon disgusting subjects for the sake of producing a dramatic effect, and sometimes, we fear, to gratify the prurience of his readers. Nothing can excuse the author of such a story as *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*. It is altogether corrupt, abominable, and loathsome, nor can a single word be said in defence of it. It is not less true that the creation of such characters as Rastignac, De Marsay, and Delphine de Nucingen was a very grave offence against morals. They are base, wicked, and hateful to a degree which no words can describe, whilst we also feel that they are not, and cannot have been, true to nature. Utter baseness and great intellectual power do not go together in real life, and should not be allied in novels. These characters are not gathered from general observation—they are at most the imitation of ludicrous exceptions. The same observation applies in some degree to the accumulation of horror upon horror which marks some of his most remarkable stories. Wickedness is not so dramatic as Balzac would have us believe; and needlessly to invest it with such a shape is, in effect, to give it a sort of sombre magnificence to which it is not entitled.

Whilst we admit that in the particulars which we have specified Balzac's writings are immoral, we maintain that these are by no means their commonest or most prominent features. Many of his books—and many of those which treat of vice—appear to us to be moral reading for those to whom they were addressed. The *Scènes de la Vie Célibataire*, *La Cousine Bette*, *Le Cousin Pons*, are not very fit reading for boys or women (though we ought to remember that the adventures of *Clarissa Harlowe* were prescribed to our grandmothers from the pulpit), but a man must be corrupt indeed before they could injure him. Many of the characters are no doubt as wicked as men and women can well be in this world, but we do not remember to have seen anywhere more impressive illustrations of the hideousness of vice.

We may conclude our observations on Balzac by pointing out one circumstance about him which has not been properly understood. We mean his relation to religion. In some parts of his books, expressions and speculations may be found apparently so subversive of all definite religious belief that Protestant readers might be inclined to look upon the great respect and apparent affection with which he always refers to Catholicism and to the priesthood as merely hypocritical. We cannot join in that opinion. He seems to us to illustrate very strongly a state of mind by no means uncommon amongst highly educated members of that church. He looks upon reason and faith as fundamentally distinct, and radically opposed to each other; so that a man may see his way, intellectually speaking, to opinions quite irreconcileable with any form of Christianity, and yet may have such a distrust of his own reason, and such a reliance upon the great external system before his eyes, that he may be a devout Catholic. Dr. Minoret, for example, in the novel of *Ursule Mirouet*, passes at once from materialistic atheism to Catholicism. It does not occur to him to argue the details. This principle is one of wide application, and very necessary to any right understanding of French literature.

MR. TUPPER ON HORSEBACK.*

WE must say that, on the whole, we are disappointed with Mr. Tupper's new book, and we are sure the feeling will be shared by all who have taken any interest in the rise and progress of that remarkable writer. We regret that we cannot pronounce the *Rides and Reveries of Mr. Esop Smith* to be worthy of an author who, measured by the “edition” scale, is twice as great as the greatest of his contemporaries—who, calmly conscious of his own impenetrability, has placed himself again and again beneath the cudgel of the malignant and mischievous critic—and, unaided save by his own self-confidence and his admirers' belief in his inspiration, has firmly established himself as the greatest master of commonplace-on-stilts that this century or perhaps any other has produced. It is not that the work before us is devoid of trains of thought and lines of argument such as no other thinker or reasoner is capable of employing; nor is it unadorned by touches characteristic of the author's fancy, and of his alone. It abounds with Tupperian dought, but is deficient in yeast—the commonplace is there, but the stilts are gone. In fact, the book is dull simply instead of being dull absurdly. Mr. Tupper, least of all men, should thus trifl with his reputation. Dealing as he does in platitude and commonplace, he has no scope for the exercise of his originality when he suffers the manner to sink to the level of the matter. “Pop goes the weasel,” as it is usually performed, is a singularly uninteresting piece of music; but if the same melody be played—slowly, solemnly, and with as many stops out as possible—on the great organ at York, it cannot fail to be effective. To those who have no ear it will be as good as Handel or Beethoven, while the incongruity will tickle those whose musical faculty has been at all developed. Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* was a bold experiment of this sort. In that prodigious work, deep sententious utterance and a moral unctuousness of tone gave to bald truisms the importance of profound truths; and the effect was still further increased by a cunning device of the author's, who, with that watchful attention to trifles always accompanying true genius, invented a new metre expressly for the occasion—a sort of hexameter which seemed to have received an injury in some of its feet, and stumped along in a dot-and-go-one fashion that had an indescribable charm for many persons. Here, however, Mr. Tupper descends to mere prose, and writes like an ordinary—a very ordinary—man. But let not his admirers be alarmed, or fancy that, because he is not himself in the present instance, he is permanently indisposed. Indeed, the very inferiority of the book is a most hopeful symptom in his case, for, as he kindly informs us, it is the result of a species of moral phlebotomy to which he has thought it right to subject himself. “There are flocks of thoughts,” he says, “upon my mind about many social matters, whereon I seem to myself to have something special to say; and these ever flocking thoughts keep one awake at nights, until they are pinioned in manuscript; and what's the use of manuscript unless to feed the printer?” In fact, Mr. Tupper has tapped himself to relieve an overcharged system and give fair play to what he elsewhere calls the “peace-needling crystallizations of mind.” Let us hope that the operation will have a beneficial effect on the sufferer's complaint, which, from the specimens he submits for public diagnosis, would appear to be milk-and-water on the brain. It is an axiom in physiology that the higher the organization the greater the liability to injury from trifling causes. Thus it is that Mr. Tupper's sanitary equilibrium is disturbed by such small matters as mud, opium, woman's rights, fashion, addled eggs, and other irritants, which seem to operate by perpetually suggesting parables to his mind. For example, he has an attack of stereoscope, and the following spasm is the consequence:—

There is a parable in the stereoscope. If thine eye be single—that is, if thy focus of sight be concentrated as one; if thine aim be one and uniform—not several and multiform; if thine efforts be straight, firm, continuous—not crooked, weak, and vacillating; then all is light, clearness, and success.

He flushes a woodcock, which starts an allegory, in the following fashion:—Woodcocks make their appearance about Christmas

* *Rides and Reveries of the late Mr. Esop Smith*. Edited by Peter Quay, F.S.A. (Martin F. Tupper). London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

time with long bills. Tradesmen do the same. Therefore, a woodcock is a parable—Q. E. D. Again, a wandering Italian and a pair of puppets bring on a violent “No Popery” paroxysm:—

That acute and needy Neapolitan, I ruminated, is the Pope; the dolls, a bedizened female and a gilded prince, make out Church and State; the drum is Hudibras’s drum; the machinery of secret strings being Jesuitical. The school children, thought I further, constitute this credulous, intelligent age; the perpetual affirmations, universal philanthropy; the donation, our too charitable homage in all silly liberalities to intolerant Rome; and the merry doll-dance typifies the vain triumph of Antichrist.

Some children skimming duckweed off the surface of a pond remind him of our philanthropists and their futile efforts to purify that stagnant pond the world. The stream hard by (“The Church”), Mr. Tupper thinks, might do some service, but there are difficulties—in the one case hydraulic, in the other doctrinal—which he does not quite see his way through. In all these reflections something characteristic—some germ of thought, instinct with a vitality peculiarly Tupperian—may be perceived. For instance, the parable last mentioned would, if strongly magnified, be found to contain proverbial philosophy in an early stage of development, perhaps after this fashion—“Of Ponds.”

Lo! I have somewhat to say of ponds and of running waters.
The world is a pond; it is still; therefore it hath no motion.
The Church is a running stream; that which runneth is not still.
Let us turn-on the Church. Give us a righteous turncock.

Occasionally his thoughts “crystallize” into rhymes; but, prose or verse, it is much the same. In fact, taking into consideration the innocuousness of the volume, and the painful circumstances under which it was produced, we should have laid it aside uncriticized, and contented ourselves with hoping for better things, were it not for some remarks which exhibit the author in a light quite new to us. Like one of his own crystals, Mr. Tupper is many-sided. It is unnecessary here to enumerate his achievements in various departments of literature. Are they not written, *in esse*, in the title-pages of his books, and, *in posse*, in his *Book of Title-pages*? But if, among his numerous characters, there was one with which he had especially identified himself, it was that of the philosopher. We use the past tense, and with regret, for there are passages in the *Rides and Reveries* which, it is to be feared, will tend to shake the public faith in Mr. Tupper’s philosophy. There were few finer or more instructive spectacles than this writer’s attitude heretofore with respect to adverse criticism. When the noisy censors of the press, released from their graver duties and lusting for mischief, careered over the common of light literature, he alone of all its denizens maintained a dignified composure under their wanton attacks. Some fluttered or fled, discomfited by pop-gun and pellet—others cackled and hissed, and showed feeble fight with bill and pinion; but the Tupper, pelted, thwacked, or jumped upon, never flinched. He browsed undisturbed by stick or stone, or stood serenely meditative in spite of pop-gun or pea-shooter; so that the passing humanitarian, who would have interfered, went on his way filled with secret admiration at the compensating kindness of nature in giving an extra cuticle and a power of endurance to those creatures which she endows with qualities likely to provoke persecution. Now, however, whether it is that a raw has been established, or that he has waxed fat upon many editions, Mr. Tupper kicks unmistakeably. That he should feel a little sore at some of the comments on his works that have appeared from time to time is, perhaps, not unnatural, though he at least might have been expected to rise superior to all human emotions. But that he should lose his temper, and lash out viciously, is scarcely becoming in a moralist who has written so finely on adversity, patience, anger, and other kindred subjects.

Mr. Tupper’s principal charge against the critics—whom he calls “shirking scamps,” “anonymous scoundrels,” “muddled scribes,” and other naughty and unchristian names, and for whose benefit he proposes to alter the law of libel—is that they are jealous of his success. This, if it be a joke, is the only humorous thing in the volume; but if it be seriously meant, it proves that Mr. Tupper has altogether mistaken his position. He might just as well have accused the critics of being jealous of the man in the moon, or the kraken, or any other creature existing under circumstances perfectly different from theirs. Mr. Tupper’s world is not their world; they can never hope to have any voice or influence in it, and indeed would be as much out of their element there as if up in the moon or down with the kraken. Whether there be one Tupper, or many, or none, or one of a higher order—a Tuppess, if superlative of Tupper can be conceived—it can make no possible difference to them. All they have got to do with him is, when he makes his appearance, to notify the fact, describe the phenomenon, and record their own sensations, just as the gentleman does who every year announces in the morning papers the apparition of the sea-serpent; and Mr. Tupper’s charge is quite as absurd as it would be for the distinguished monster just mentioned to write to the *Times* about the jealousy and personal hostility of the correspondent who describes it as having goggle eyes and wearing barnacles upon its head. The world we have alluded to is one of which no trustworthy map exists. Its boundaries have never been thoroughly settled, but nevertheless they are sufficiently definite for all practical purposes. It is not identical with the religious world, though the two have much that is in common. It is not a political world, though political feeling of a certain sort is prevalent in it. Still less is it a gay or a fashionable world, although it has fashions and gaieties

peculiar to itself. It is a world of strong prejudices and fixed opinions—a world that, to the end of time, will hate and fear the Pope, have a superstitious belief in Jesuits and their machinations, and be seriously uncomfortable about the Puseyites. It is a world full of subtle distinctions. It will dance a quadrille, but will not waltz—it will hear the *Traviata* at a concert, but not at a theatre—it will read a tale, but not a novel. But its leading characteristic is a contempt and abhorrence for what it is pleased to call *the world*, meaning thereby all other worlds. And yet, in all its doings, there may be observed tokens of a yearning after that despised sphere. If the world produces a great novel, it comes out with a tale—if the world crowns a poet, it starts a laureat forthwith. In fact, virtuous as it is, it has a secret craving for cakes and ale; and Mr. Tupper, perceiving this, offers it muffins and small beer, and so comes to drive a brisk but strictly local trade. With this trade the critics cannot possibly interfere. It is out of their jurisdiction; and if they notice him at all, it is simply to hint that, should he desire to extend his business and supply the general public, he must furnish a less washy and unwholesome article.

With respect to his success, to which Mr. Tupper points triumphantly, as though it settled all disputes about his work, we must continue to differ with him until it can be shown that Professor Holloway is at the head of the medical profession, and that Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds is the greatest of novelists. It is not, however, in the career of either of these gentlemen that we would seek an analogy for that of Mr. Tupper. Admitting his similarity to David on the score of his lyrics, and to Solomon as an imitator of proverbs, for a general resemblance we would suggest third distinguished Hebrew—Moses. Like that well-known clothier, Mr. Tupper thrives because he makes up and vends cheap and showy goods. We do not mean that Mr. Tupper’s wares are cheap in the ordinary sense, but cheap as costing the producer a small amount of real thought, and demanding still less from the purchaser—cheap, as being manufactured out of intellectual “shoddy.” Thinking is a pastime not much in vogue among his patrons. They prefer to be thought for, rather than to think. Hence their pursuit of strong-spoken, popular preachers, and their partiality for expounders of prophecy; and when our author furnishes them with pompous, ready-made thoughts of a not too difficult nature, they straightway induce themselves therewith, and go their ways fancying themselves moral philosophers, as the gent in an eighteen-penny waistcoat fancies himself a “swell.”

This—in itself only a particular phase of that weak and dishonest mania for cheapness which is one of our greatest social evils—is the main secret of Mr. Tupper’s success. Not but that the critics may have helped him a little, as he himself declares, for, with Sir Fretful Plagiary—a character which he acts to admiration—he pronounces their abuse to be the best panegyric. As Mr. Tupper is fond of parables we will give him one. On the mantelpieces of simple old-fashioned country houses may frequently be observed quaint little knick-knacks—egg-boilers made of bone in the form of a pagoda, needle-cases of straw, mosaic, and similar articles—which visitors are told were the work of the poor French prisoners half a century ago! On the drawing-room tables of such houses, in nine cases out of ten, Tupper is to be found. Which things are a parable. It is true the utility of his little gimeracks may not be great, and practically, when people have eggs to boil or needles to store, they employ something else. But then how touching it is to contemplate that dear persecuted man at work upon materials which his wicked detractors would despise—the mutton-bone of trite morality, the straw of flimsy sentiment; and how prettily and ingeniously he twists and carves them in spite of cruelty and oppression! Such sympathy is not, we believe, uncommon, and surely they who have secured it for him might have expected something better at his hands than hard names, sneers at the “three-pair back” in which from circumstances they are obliged to live, and allusions to their habits of “cramming for an article.” At the latter gibe we ourselves feel not a little sore when we think of the vast folios of recondite lore we have been obliged to read in order to fit ourselves for the perusal of the volume before us, and more especially of our fruitless search for a more detailed account of a remarkable leap made by Quintus Curtius, which Mr. Tupper alludes to at page 82, but which, somehow, is not mentioned in any memoir of that elegant historian. On this point, however, we shall say no more, remembering that there is in the same volume a parable exposing the folly of regretting unseen labours, which we have no desire to take to ourselves, it being obviously meant by the author as a piece of wholesome self-castigation. In the guise of a carpenter’s gimlet he points out that, though an humble tool and doing much work that does not show outwardly, the great edifice, society, could not be put together without him and his brother the bradawl. The moral is, we presume, that society must be bored, and that thus even a Tupper has its uses.

LIFE OF BANIM.

THE *Life of John Banim* is a book which deserves notice on account both of its character and of its subject, though we are inclined to look upon it as being one of that large majority of biographies which might as well have been left unwritten.

* *The Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist.* With Extracts from his Correspondence. By Patrick Joseph Murray. London: Lay. 1857.

[Dec. 19, 1857.]

Though Mr. Murray claims for his hero the title of "the Irish novelist," his name is, we imagine, hardly known to most of our readers. He and his brother were joint authors of the *Stories of the O'Hara Family*. He wrote a great number of other novels, which were not particularly successful, several plays, and a vast quantity of contributions to various newspapers and magazines. The history of his life is a sad one. He was born in 1798, at Kilkenny, being the son of a man who kept a shop in that town for the sale of sporting implements, and who was besides a small farmer. Having a strong taste for art, he was educated as a drawing-master, and made considerable progress in that profession; but when he was about eighteen, he contrived, foolishly enough, to fall in love with one of his pupils at a school where he gave lessons. She was the natural daughter of a country gentleman, who disapproved of the engagement, to his daughter's great mortification. Some time afterwards she died of consumption, and Banim's grief upon the occasion was so overwhelming, and so extravagantly manifested—for he wandered about the country all night, and slept on wet straw in a cowhouse—that his health permanently suffered. Some months later, he fell into habits of dissipation, and got into debt, which shackled him greatly in the pursuit of his profession, and furnished him with a motive for taking to periodical literature in order to relieve his difficulties. He lived in Dublin in this way for some little time, and having written a poem—the *Celt's Paradise*—for which he got 20*l.*, he afterwards brought out a play at Covent Garden, called *Damon and Pythias*, which met with very considerable success. About a year after this, in 1822, he married the daughter of a Kilkenny farmer, and set off to London to live by his pen. He found plenty of employment, and for about ten years he continued to pour forth without intermission a series of tales, plays, magazine and newspaper articles. He published in all, during that period, no less than twenty novels and five dramas, besides "three times that amount" of miscellaneous contributions to periodicals. The sad part of the story is, that his constitution never recovered the shock which it sustained on the occasion of his first love affair. He was afflicted with a spine disease, which caused him the most unremitting and most exquisite torture, and, in the year 1832, deprived him altogether of the use of his limbs, and reduced him to the deplorable condition of a paralytic cripple. Whilst suffering under these terrible trials, he was generously assisted both by public subscriptions and by a pension of 150*l.* from the Government, and thus he was enabled to pass the last ten years of his life in such comfort as his health would permit him to enjoy in a cottage near his native town, built on the scene of one of his novels. He died in 1842.

The impression as to his character which the book leaves upon us, is a very favourable one. He was a most industrious independent man, constantly working as long as his health permitted him, and indeed long after his ailments had made his avocations sources of most exquisite torture. He was, besides this, intensely affectionate. His love for his mother in particular is very touching. She died at an advanced age, when her son had long been almost a total wreck, yet in writing to his brother on the occasion, he says, "I never felt anguish before." He seems also to have lived upon the most affectionate terms with the whole of his family, and especially with his surviving brother Michael, who wrote a considerable part of the *Stories of the O'Hara Family*. We do not pretend to be acquainted with his writings, but from the specimens—and they are neither few nor short—given of his powers in his biography, we should be inclined to suppose that in his happiest efforts he attained a respectable position amongst second-rate novelists, whilst his average performances are not rated, even by his enthusiastic biographer, above a very humble level.

It is not so much because Banim himself was a remarkable man that his biography appears to us instructive, as because it affords a most singular illustration of the ideas and feelings of a class which was never more numerous or influential than at present. Banim was an author by profession—we might almost say by trade—for his pen supplied him with his means of subsistence, as exclusively as their respective crafts supply the wants of the tailor or the shoemaker. If we look upon him exclusively in the light of a skilled workman earning weekly wages to support his wife and family, his misfortunes and his industry unquestionably have the strongest claim on our sympathy and respect. A man who, in the prosecution of an honest calling, is disabled by spinal disease, must always be entitled to the generous assistance of those who are placed in a more fortunate position; but there can be no doubt that Banim himself considered that he had other claims on the public than those which flow naturally from unmerited misfortune, whilst his biographer, throughout the whole of his performance, gives us to understand in the plainest way, that he shares in this view of his position. We are told that he sacrificed health and life in a noble effort to honour his country by his genius, and that the occupation which he pursued was in its nature a very high and honourable one. When Banim goes to London, Mr. Murray observes, "And so the life of a literary man of our day was entered upon. To Banim, as to all others, it was the cold stern enchantress, the demon Mistress that wins men's love, and then claims health and energy, and buoyant youth's bright blooming hours, as smallest duties offered in her service." What was the

"demon Mistress" in real life? The whole thing simply means that Banim took lodgings in Brompton, and wrote in a paper called the *Literary Register*—of his contributions to which he says, "I must write—must stuff the gaping maw of that weekly glutton with anything to fill it. Pages! pages! that is the cry. Well, too well, I feel convinced that part, often the whole, of every packet I shoot off at the office is poor meagre stuff." We can well believe it, for he goes on to say—"If I do not ply and tease the brain, as woolcombers tease the wool, the fire should (Mr. Banim never overcame his national perplexity about should and would) go out, and the spit could not turn." On this Mr. Murray remarks, in undigested Carlylese, that "the poor brave heart was overcome," "the sword was wearing out the sheath." It may be perfectly true that Banim was overworking himself, and it is very lamentable that any man should do so; but there is really nothing more dignified in his sufferings than in those of any tailor or sempstress who sits up sewing half through the night. We may most sincerely pity their misfortunes, but who would call the goose or the needle a "stern enchantress," or a "demon Mistress," and that with a capital M? Is "shooting off meagre stuff" at a newspaper office such a divine function that a man is justified in "offering in its service health and energy, and buoyant youth's bright blooming hours, as smallest duties." Banim, we are told, aspired to be for Ireland what Sir Walter Scott was for Scotland; but he could hardly have hit upon a worse plan for fulfilling his intention than that of coming to London to live by periodical literature. It is easy to see, through the veil of glory which Mr. Murray throws over him, that, though honourable and energetic, he was not very wise. He had no control over his passions in youth, or he would not have fallen into his first unfortunate attachment. He made an improvident marriage, and had, in consequence, to "tease his brain" for the production of reams of second or third-rate trifles, when he might have been educating himself for something higher and better. There is an air of flimsiness in all his performances. He was at one time, we are informed, a sceptic, and he became converted by reading Paley. Most people would have reversed the order of events. A man who gives up his belief before reading such a very elementary book on the religious side of the question, cannot have much real force or depth of understanding. Nothing can be more characteristic of the whole story than the way in which its hero misses the point of Scott's career. That great man knew very well that, according to the old saying, literature is a good walking-stick, but a very bad crutch. His professional position in the Parliament-house, and as Sheriff-Depute, was the condition which enabled him to write. To a novelist whose books are to be anything more than toys, two things are almost indispensable. He ought, in the first place, to have an independent position which will enable him to take time in what he is about, and to write because he has something to say, and not because he is forced by hunger to say something; and he ought, in the second place, to have some substantial connexion with the practical business of life, in order that he may be able to appreciate the laws by which the world is governed, and to have a real, and not a merely factitious, interest in the results which they produce. Both of these inestimable advantages Banim gave up when he abandoned his profession of a drawing-master, by which, with prudence and self-restraint, he might have lived in comfort and not without leisure, and gave himself up to the professional cultivation of light literature. Like so many others, he was seduced by a sort of itch for immediate results. In very early life Banim contributed to, and he afterwards edited, the *Leinster Gazette*. "He considered the employment a very important one, as it was a walk, however humble, in the great path of literature. It gave him, he thought, a position as a literary character." Mr. Murray ought to have pointed out how fatal the confusion is between the two uses of the word "literary." If it implies that the person to whom it is applied has a taste for books, or a resolution to study deeply some branch of art or science, it conveys high praise. If it means that it is his only or principal occupation to write for a livelihood, it proves little about a man, and what it does prove is not very favourable. Michael Banim, who wrote a large part of the novels on which the joint fame of his brother and himself principally repose, took to his father's business, like a man of sense, and wrote as leisure or affection for his brother prompted him. He is now, as Mr. Murray tells us, postmaster at Kilkenny. Surely this is a better career in every point of view than that of his unfortunate brother.

Mr. Murray's own style calls for some remark. He has a pestilent way of writing, which may be described as a fatty degeneration of Mr. (or, as he calls him, "Thomas," without the Mr.) Carlyle. Its peculiar characteristic is pomposity trying to be humorous and pathetic. Banim's boyhood, his schools, his lodgings, his house, and every paltry incident connected with him, are dilated on in a very absurd manner, and the book is decorated with a variety of purple patches of Mr. Murray's own, which are, at times, exquisitely ludicrous. It begins with a sketch of a set of literary men, whom "We see" coming up to London; "Johnson rises first—the great heaving figure is before us." Then comes "Goldsmith—poor Goldsmith! his has been a wild, wandering life." "Then Tom Moore goes to London—bright-souled Tom." Then "Gerald Griffin goes to London—a boy fresh from the blooming fields of his native place;" and all this *apropos* of Banim's taking

lodgings at Brompton. When will the biographers of literary gentlemen learn to deliver their tidings like men of this world? Why is it necessary when you mean that a man is affectionate, to speak of his "great, deep heart;" or, if you have to describe how a child was fond of his mother, to call him "a young, warm soul?" Why has the Dr. Johnson of our youth become "great, old Samuel Johnson?" And why, when we are told that Michael Banvin married Joannah Carroll, is the fact to be saddled with the further information—conveyed through the medium of a quotation lugged in by the head and shoulders—that Mr. Murray has read Walton's *Angler*? Independently of these blemishes of style—blemishes which show a rather unhealthy state of feeling—the book is not very well done. There was not much to tell, and Mr. Murray seems to have felt conscious of it, and to have determined, at any price, to give his readers the three hundred pages which were due to them. Fifty would have exhausted the subject.

GEOLOGY OF IRELAND.*

THE object of Mr. Holdsworth, the author of this work, is to attract the attention of capitalists and speculators to the undeveloped resources of Ireland. With this view he gives a sketch of the geological structure of the country, dwelling at considerable length on the mineral veins which occur so abundantly in its rocks, and pointing out the agricultural treasures which lie hid in its peat bogs and limestone wastes. The object is a good one, but the execution is very indifferent. The style is detestable; and nearly a whole chapter out of the fourteen which the volume contains is occupied by a twaddling dissertation about the Noachian Deluge. The reader, however, who can put up with more than questionable grammar, extreme dryness of statement, and occasional bad taste, will obtain a good deal of information from Mr. Holdsworth's book. His geological tour commences in the South-east of Ireland, amidst the pleasant and much-sung scenery of Wicklow, whose mountains are chiefly composed of clay slate and granite. It is in the latter rock that most of the metallic deposits are found. They contain galena, copper-pyrites, and many other ores. Two nuggets of pure gold were found in Wicklow in the course of the past year. The largest is said to have weighed about two pounds troy. In Waterford are some of the wildest mountains in all Ireland. They are formed principally of slates of various ages, some of which are extensively used in roofing. The Old Red Sandstone is enormously developed in the County of Cork, running down even to Cape Clear, and forming the borders of Bantry Bay. In the southern division of the County, most active mining operations are carried on. Near Crookhaven Harbour, there are mines both of lead and copper, and many not unsuccessful searches for metals have been made amongst the cliffs and islets of the lovely region which spreads around Glengariff. Specular and other iron ores are not uncommon in Kerry; and Killarney was noted for its mines as early as the ninth century. Sir William Petty, the ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, erected smelting works in this district; but the deficiency of timber caused their abandonment about 1750. To the north of the Silurian and Old Red of Cork and Kerry, we come upon a great mass of country which must be called carboniferous, though its coal-seams are far from being as abundant as might be wished. It occupies two great irregular areas north and south of the estuary of the Shannon, and terminates to the westward, in the noble cliffs of Moher, which oppose to the Atlantic surges a breastwork of some eight hundred feet. The Kilkenny, Leitrim, and Tyrone coal tracts are, however, much more important than the patches in Clare and Cork. Mr. Holdsworth is very anxious to see the smelting of iron extensively prosecuted in these and other Irish coal districts. He presses also strongly upon his readers the fertility of some of the agricultural tracts in the centre of the country. He is particularly loud in his praise of the "Golden Vale" in Tipperary, and not without reason. An eminent solicitor in Dublin lately informed us that some of his clients who had made purchases in that locality under the Encumbered Estates Court, were now getting twelve per cent. for their money. The wild and desolate Connemara has no rich fields to boast of, but it has marble, lead, and copper. In Clare Island, which forms so grand an object as seen from Clew Bay, rising majestically out at sea like another Capri, there is a mine of sulphur, and even the remote and poverty-stricken Achill possesses some mineral wealth. Silver ore has been found in Sligo. In Donegal there are mines of lead and zinc, and gold as well as sulphur has been found. In the basaltic region of Belfast and North-eastern Ireland, mines of rock salt were lately discovered, and they now contribute not a little to the prosperity of Belfast, which is really the only town in Ireland which seems to the eye of a stranger to be prosperous. Lignite, like that of Bovey Tracey, is found on the shores of Lough Neagh. The Mourne Mountains, and the undulating districts about them, possess copper and some other minerals.

The peat-bogs which deform the Irish landscape are beginning to yield to the patient search of science several valuable products, while an increased knowledge of the principles of agricultural

ture is enabling capitalists to turn into breadths of waving corn wide spaces which, but a few years ago, produced only the cotton-grass and its moisture-loving sisters. In many parts of the central plain of Ireland, the limestone, so useful in reclaiming peaty soil, is the prevailing rock, and large hillocks of limestone gravel are dotted about the surface of the land, ready to the hand of the improver. It is wonderful how much sustenance for sheep is produced even by districts which, like that round Ballyvaghan, on the Bay of Galway, look to the distant observer, as well from their barrenness as their other peculiarities, like theatres built on the Grecian model by the hands of a race of Titans.

Mr. Holdsworth expatiates at some length upon the mildness of the Irish climate, but we think and hope it will be long before any considerable number of English invalids exchange their favourite places of resort in Southern Europe for the profitless banishment of Queenstown. When the necessity for seeking a warm climate is very urgent, there is no place nearer than Madeira or Egypt which is really worth going to. When any other considerations than the mere exigencies of the battle for life enter into the choice of a residence, no person whose health is worth preserving, either to others or himself, will hesitate to decide for some place more productive of intellectual food than the balmy but dreary Cove of Cork. A few remarks, chiefly taken from Sir Robert Kane's book, and some general and rather obvious reflections, bring us to the end of a work whose perusal, short as it is, is no very easy task.

Two years ago, we searched in vain through all the principal booksellers' shops in Dublin for any work on Irish geology suitable to the purposes of the tourist. Sir Robert Kane's *Industrial Resources of Ireland* would have been a sort of *succedaneum*, but it was said to have gone out of print. A small but full pamphlet by Mr. Antisell had shared the same fate. We know not if this great want has been since remedied; but if nothing similar to Professor Nicol's excellent *Geology of Scotland* has been yet produced in the sister island, we would recommend the republication of Mr. Antisell's brochure in the form of a railway book. Till this is done, the volume under review deserves at least such honour as is paid to the one-eyed in the kingdom of the blind.

NOTICE.

In the first number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, we stated that its usual size would be sixteen pages, or thirty-two columns. For some time past, however, we have found it impossible, consistently with the adequate treatment of the various subjects which, in increasing number, claim our notice, to keep within the limit which we had originally announced; and we have therefore determined to increase the size of the REVIEW permanently to twenty-four pages, or forty-eight columns. In consequence of this enlargement, the price of the SATURDAY REVIEW will, on and from January 2nd, 1858, be 6d., stamped copies, 7d.

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* Geology, Minerals, Mines, and Soils of Ireland, in reference to the Amelioration and Industrial Prosperity of the Country. By J. Holdsworth, Esq. London : Houlston and Wright.

[Dec. 19, 1857.]

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

EDITOR R. H. BLOMFIELD

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1854 December, 1857.

NOTICE is hereby given that the next General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held in the Board-room of the Bank, in Princes-street, Mansion House, on Thursday, the 21st day of January next, at Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive the Report of the Directors, and to elect Four Directors in the place of Sir JAMES DUNKE, Bart., M.P., AMBROSE MOORE, Esq., WILLIAM BIRD, Esq., and JOHN TIMOTHY GOLLEY, Esq., who will on that day go out of Office, in conformity with the provisions of the Deed of Settlement, all of whom offer themselves for re-election; also to elect a Director in the place of ARCHIBALD HASTIE, Esq., deceased. Notice is also given that the Transfer-Books of the Bank will be closed on Thursday, the 31st instant, and remain so until Friday, the 15th January next.

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1825	383 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830	241 12 0	83 2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850	10 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
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